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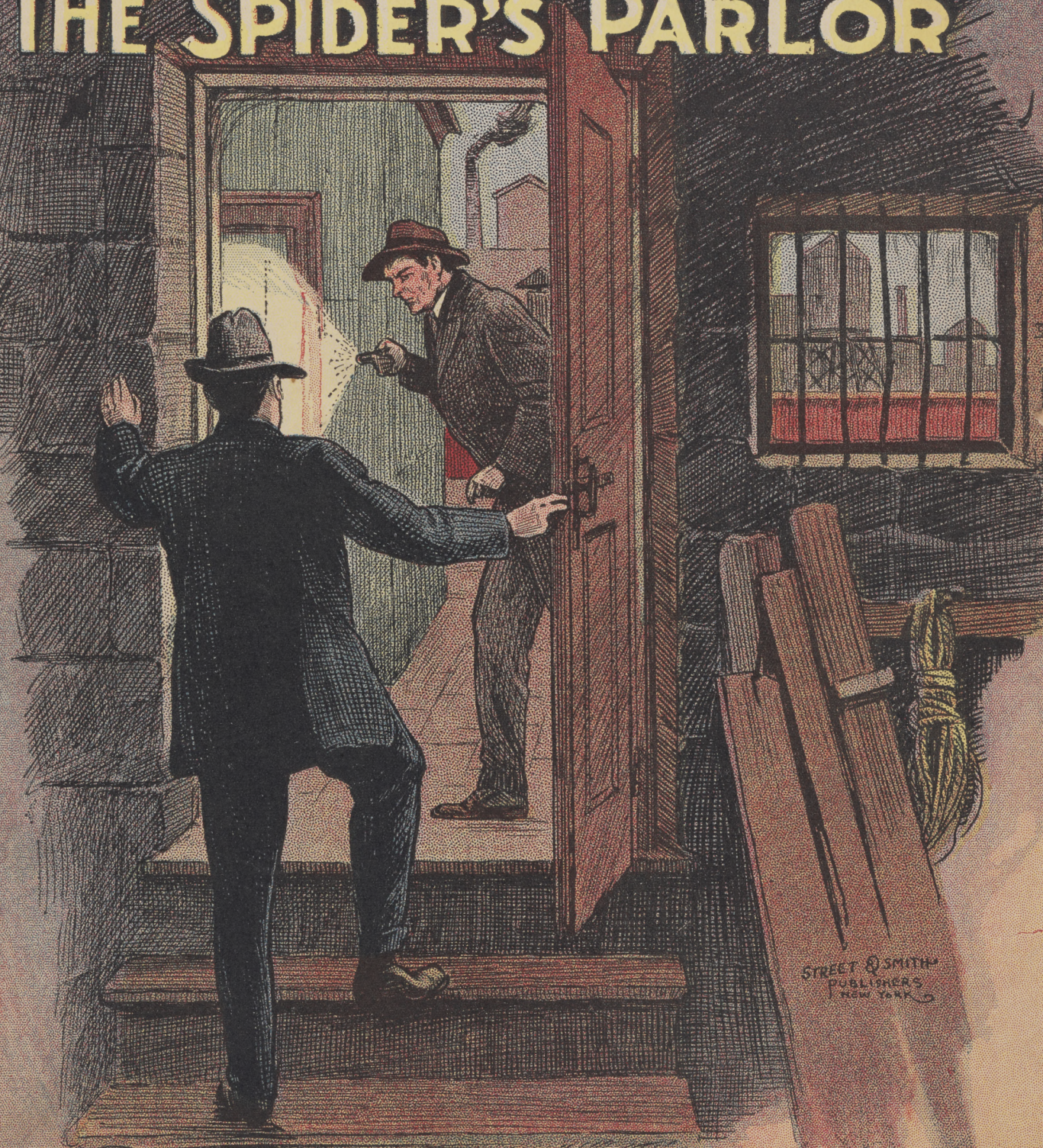
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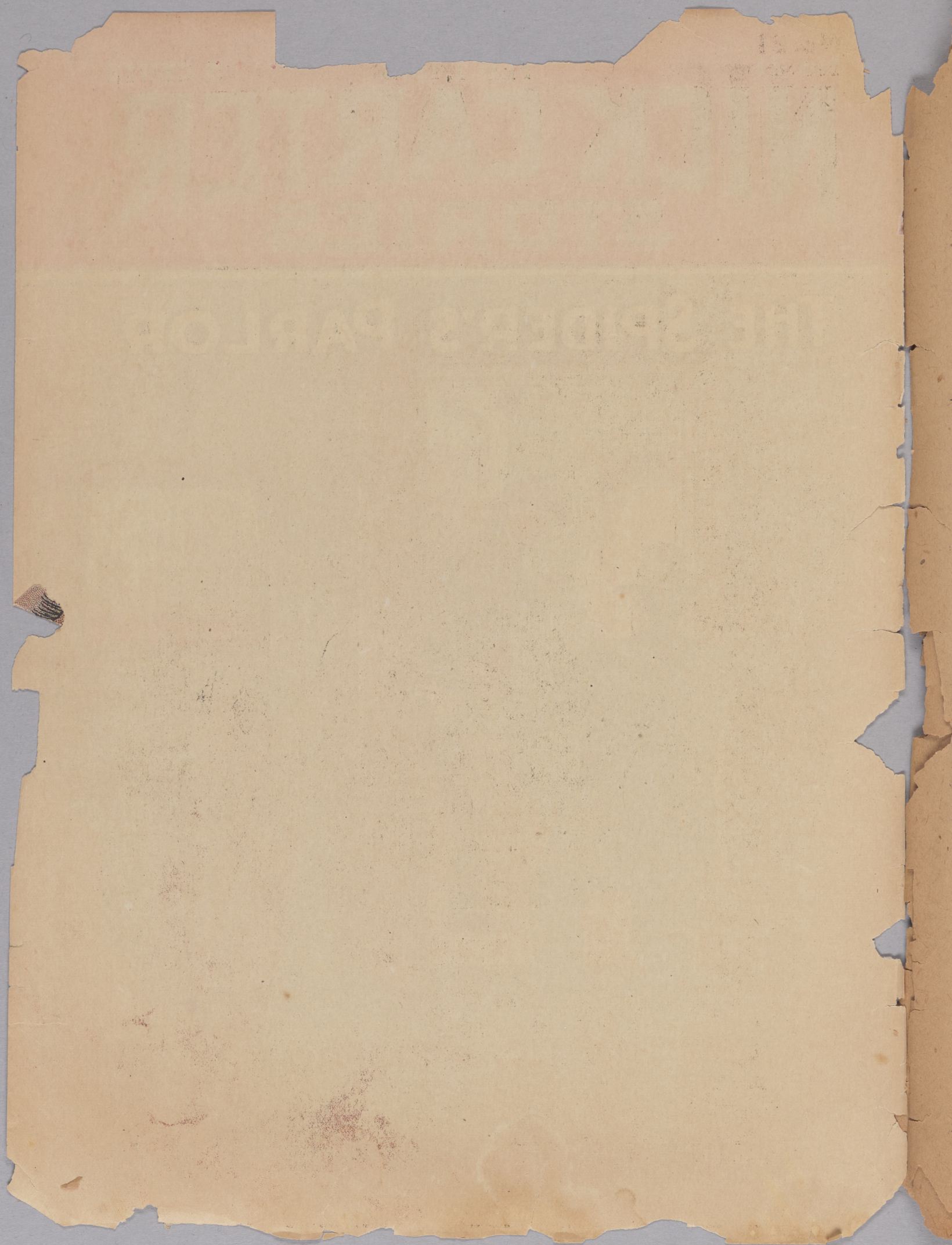
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NICK CARTER STORIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOR





NICK CARTER STORIES

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THE SPIDER'S PARLOR;

Or, NICK CARTER'S ENTANGLING NET.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

A PRISONER IN THE TOMBS.

Patsy, second assistant to Nick Carter, was undergoing a novel experience. He found himself to be a prisoner in the Tombs Prison, in New York City, occupying a cell like any criminal.*

Notwithstanding this unprecedented fact, Patsy grinned after the door had been closed upon him and the key turned in the lock.

"Caught with the goods," he observed, sotto voce, to himself, and chuckled; but he did not devote much time to thinking over the situation just then, because he was very tired and sleepy. He had had a long and a hard day, and a longer and a harder night, before the circumstance which placed him where he was had its climax, so he threw himself down upon the cot and speedily lapsed into sleep.

There had been others arrested with him in a house down on the East Side: "Slick" Sanderson, alias Saunders; Algernon Boynton and, Boynton's wife, who was Saunders' sister; Bertrand Denton, he of the keen eye and the pointed ears; and last, but not least (not so in some respects, anyhow), Gypsy Madge, the beautiful, gifted, fascinating Madeline Burleigh, owner of many aliases, among them Mademoiselle Balladux, in which last guise she had acted as a dressmaker and had helped to sew into the wedding trousseau of Nora

Corrigan the two million dollars which Nora's father had left to her, with a lot of crazy restrictions which had nearly resulted not only in the loss of the two millions, but had very nearly cost Nora her life, too.

But now Nora was the wife of Richard Clifton, the lawyer, and she had recovered her money, and she and her husband would depart at once upon their delayed honeymoon, and the people—Sanderson, and Boynton, Boynton's wife, and Denton—who had so diligently tried to deprive her of her two millions, were again in the toils. They had been out on bail before this last failure of theirs, but now, if bail were fixed at all, it would be prohibitive. There would be no more show for their activities. There was proof enough against all three of them to send them up for ten years or more.

Not so, however, with Gypsy Madge; at least that had been Patsy's thought before he dropped off to sleep upon that cot in the cell of the Tombs.

How was Patsy there, in that cell at the Tombs? Merely because he had made the request that he should be taken there. In the moment before these arrests were made in that house where Madge had been living, over on the East Side, he had found an opportunity to whisper into the ear of Nick Carter while they were alone together in the front parlor in the dark:

"Take me, too. Don't let Madge know that I am not what she thinks I am."

*See preceding issue of the NICK CARTER STORIES.

So Nick and Chick, who had gone there to make the arrests, who had been hidden within the house when Sanderson and Boynton walked into it, had arrested Patsy, too; and Patsy had gone to headquarters handcuffed to Sanderson, and had been taken from there to the city prison in the same manner—only that instead of being handcuffed to Sanderson on that last trip his criminal mate in the irons had been Denton, he of the keen eyes and the pointed ears.

Patsy had passed before that under the name of Donatello. Patsy had made the request that he be handcuffed to Denton on the trip from headquarters to the Tombs, and inside the "black Maria," which had conveyed them there, Denton had found opportunity to say a few words to Patsy, unheard and unnoticed by the others.

They had been few, and were rapidly whispered, but they had been significant, and had given Patsy some food for thought, although he dismissed them altogether when he sought the repose of the cot in his cell.

"There isn't much against you, pal," Denton said. "You'll squirm out of this. Maybe I will, too. Watch out for Madge. She'll find a way out, somehow; she always does. The others are 'dead ones.' If you get a message, there is a cipher——"

He had been obliged to stop there without explaining what the cipher might be, and there had been no opportunity for him to whisper to Patsy again.

It doesn't appear yet just why Patsy had chosen to have himself arrested with the others. Perhaps it would have been difficult for Patsy to have adequately explained the point himself, save in the slangy way that he had had a "hunch" to do it. Perhaps, added to that there had been a very natural reluctance on his part to let Gypsy Madge know then and there that he had deceived her so masterfully.

Nick Carter and Chick, in the detective's study, after the arrests were made, had chuckled a little bit over Patsy's self-imposed dilemma, while they smoked before retiring.

"What is Patsy up to, I wonder?" Chick asked his chief; and the detective replied:

"I don't know. Evidently he has heard something while he was in that house, or in the company of Madge and Denton, that he didn't have time to tell us."

"Maybe so," said Chick. "I can't imagine what it is, though. Can you?"

"No, not now. Patsy will put us wise when the time comes."

"Now that the whole bunch is arrested——" Chick began, but the detective interrupted him.

"There isn't very much against Madge when all is said, Chick. It is all up with Sanderson, and the two Boyntons, and Denton, to be sure; but when the case of Madge goes before the grand jury for indictment I doubt very much if it will indict her."

"Eh? Why not? Wasn't Nora a prisoner in her

house? Wasn't the Boynton woman there, too? Wasn't Madge the dressmaker who helped to sew the money into the trousseau, as Mademoiselle Baladux? Wasn't——"

"I grant you all that, Chick, but there are a few questions that might be as readily asked from the opposite side of the fence."

"As—what?"

"Can't Madge swear that she accepted the responsibility of receiving Nora into her house in order to befriend and save Nora from the others? Isn't the fact that she had rendered the Boynton woman helpless in that house in Madge's favor?"

"Yes, but——"

"You will say that she might have liberated Nora at once, but there is the fact that Nora had intrenched herself behind a five-gallon can of gasoline and had the gas lighted in the room where she was a prisoner, so that if she chose to turn over the gasoline on the floor they would have all been blown to smithereens in a minute? And she would testify herself that she supposed Madge to be as much an enemy as any of the others, and would have upset the gasoline just the same, if Madge had insisted upon entering the room?"

Chick made no reply to that; none was necessary. Nick went on:

"Won't you and I be compelled to testify before the grand jury, if we are called upon, that when we entered the back parlor of that house to capture the outfit Sanderson and Boynton had already attacked Madge and Denton—and won't that stand in their favor?"

"It certainly will. But, say, you don't mean that Denton will get out of the scrape, too, do you?"

"No, because there is that other charge against Denton, when he was an unknown quantity in this affair, for swiping the two million dollars when it was in the satchel.* He can't get away with that, and he'll have to go up the river for it. Madge had no connection with that. You'll find that she won't be indicted, and I regard it as a hopeless waste of time to try to have her indicted."

"But all of this doesn't tell us what Patsy is up to."

"No, but he will tell us when he is good and ready," said Nick.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHYSTER LAWYER.

Having partaken of the Tombs breakfast, Patsy had finished reading the morning papers, which contained an account of the arrests referred to here, when one of the prison guards appeared at the grating of his cell door, and announced:

"Your lawyer is here, Donatello. He's in the consultation room. Want to see him?"

"Uh-huh," Patsy replied indifferently.

*See NICK CARTER STORY No. 19.

"I suppose you sent for him, didn't you? Or do you retain him by the year? Eh?"

The guard only grinned at this bit of humor.

"Uh-huh," Patsy said again; and the man outside the door might have taken it as a reply to either of his questions, or to both of them. As a matter of fact the coming of a lawyer to see him was a surprise to Patsy. He had just come to the decision that his self-inflicted imprisonment was a useless one and might just as well be abandoned. But at once he came to the conclusion that the lawyer had been sent by some one associated with Madge, or by Madge herself. He decided that inasmuch as he was playing the part at all he would play it to a finish.

"Maybe I could get you a better one," suggested the guard, who had an eye to percentages.

"All right," said Patsy. "If I decide that I want a better one, I'll let you know." He spoke surlily, as became the character he was playing and the environment by which he was surrounded.

"You're a dago, aren't you? Donatello is a dago name, isn't it?" the guard asked.

Patsy made no reply—but he glanced from the corners of his eyes toward the guard, with an expression that said as plainly as words could have done it: "It's none of your business, mister."

"All right," said the guard; "come along." And he unlocked the door.

In the consultation room Patsy found a man awaiting him, a man with small black eyes, set widely apart, with beetling brows, a bulldog chin, and the general appearance of a prize-ring fighter, although he had a well-formed head, that suggested a goodly complement of brain matter.

"I'm your lawyer," he said abruptly, and he had a manner of biting off his words and thus imparting a note of finality to them which offered no chance for argument. "What I have already done for you, and will do, will cost you five hundred. Gypsy Madge said you were good for it if you promised. Are you?"

"Uh-huh," Patsy replied surlily. Then, as if from second thought, he added:

"Who are you? I don't know you."

"Branders is my name—Thomas Branders. If that isn't enough for you, leave it."

"It's good enough—if Madge sent you. Got any sign?" Patsy replied. He asked the question because he remembered that interrupted remark made by Denton while they were in the "black Maria," the one about the cipher.

"Here it is," said the lawyer, and passed him a slip of paper.

Patsy unrolled it, glanced at it, rolled it up again, and thrust it into his pocket.

"All right," he said, preserving just a touch of accent to keep up the character he was playing. "Go ahead."

"Madge hasn't any dough with her. She can't get at hers till she is out of this; but she'll get out all

right. She said you had a roll with you. Is that right?"

"Maybe. What of it? I'm not going to give it to you."

"You'll give me part of it, or there'll be nothing doing," was the sharp reply.

"How much?"

"The whole bill'll be a thousand, five hundred for you and five hundred for Madge. She said she thought you could put up a hundred apiece—one for each of you. She said you were good for the balance of your own share, if you promised. Are you?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's no answer."

"Aw, go to blazes, if that ain't answer enough for you!" said Patsy crossly. He was playing the part splendidly.

"What Madge says goes—with me," the lawyer added, as if he had not heard.

Patsy nodded.

"Can you put up the two hundred I asked for?"

"Uh-huh."

Patsy had been permitted to retain possession of his money, at his earnest request, and now he produced the requisite amount; but he showed that he possessed still more as he did so. The eyes of the lawyer gleamed.

"Got a wad, ain't you? How much have you got there?" he demanded.

"None uh your infernal business, Branders. There's the two hundred plunks you asked for. Take it or leave it. You'll get the balance when it's coming to you—and you'll earn it, too, or you'll get something else."

The eyes of the lawyer gleamed with resentment for an instant; then he laughed, and said:

"I guess you're on the level. Madge said you were. But you're a new one to me."

Patsy made no reply.

"You'll be taken to court to-day," the lawyer continued. "I've already arranged for a bondsman—if you're not discharged altogether, which I think will be the case. You were only there in the house by accident, weren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you went there purposely to get that other woman out of the place, didn't you?—that two-million-dollar bride, I mean?"

"Surest thing you know," replied Patsy, with perfect truth.

"Your case is dead easy. So is Madge's, for that matter. Have you got a record?"

"No."

"Madge is likely to be held for the grand jury, but she'll never be indicted. I think maybe that I can get her admitted to bail, too. I'll see. I don't think you'll be held at all. Madge wants to know how to communicate with you afterward."

"In care uh police headquarters, or maybe at Nick Carter's house," replied Patsy, with an ironic grin.

"Don't want to tell, eh?"

Patsy did not reply. He had told, surely enough, only what he had said was not believed.

"Madge wants to know how to find you," the man persisted.

"Aw, go and chase yourself around the block," said Patsy crossly. "I guess I can find her, and you, too, when I want you, can't I?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Any word to send to Madge at all?" he asked.

"I'm going to send for her again as soon as you are taken back to your cell. She'll want to have some sort of a message from you."

"Well, you tell her for me that I'll keep an eye on what's happening—if I get out of this first. Tell her that if she wants to live the simple life, and be on the level, I'll stake her to it. Tell her that she's too clever a woman, and much too beautiful and gifted, to be a crook. That's all. I'll say the rest of it myself, and to her, when I get a chance."

"Hully gee! Why don't you turn preacher? You ought to be called Dominy, instead of Donatello. That's what. But I'll tell her. Here's a key to her house, that she sent to you."

"Take it back to her and tell her that I don't need it. I can walk into it without the key whenever I want to. She knows that."

"Well, you'll be arraigned in court in an hour, Donatello. I'll be there, and ready."

"See that you are. That's all."

Patsy gave the signal himself to be taken back to his cell, and when he arrived there he took the rolled slip of paper from his pocket and began to study it.

When, somewhat later, he was arraigned in court he was discharged. Madge, who was arraigned at the same time, was held for the grand jury; but she was immediately admitted to bail, and Patsy waited.

Soon after that they left the courtroom together.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE PALS.

Nick Carter and Chick were in the courtroom when the prisoners were arraigned. They were there to give their testimony concerning the arrest, and of course they governed themselves so that Patsy would be discharged from custody, if there were a possibility of the judge's taking that view of it.

As a matter of fact Nick Carter was puzzled regarding Patsy's attitude in the affair. He did not know whether Patsy had learned the beginning of some other scheme in the career of Gypsy Madge, and wanted an opportunity to work it out to the end; or if the second assistant were merely acting on general principles, because he regarded Madge as a dangerous character, whose career had better be looked after.

Now, truth to tell, Patsy was not a little puzzled himself regarding his own attitude.

The request that he be arrested, handcuffed to the others, and taken to headquarters with them, had followed an impulse to do it in that way—or, as it was expressed a little bit ago, a "hunch."

When he walked away from the courtroom with Madge that day he felt just a little "small," as he would have expressed it. He didn't think it was quite fair for him to array himself against Gypsy Madge, to win her confidence, and then to betray it, when there was no particular thing against her to which he had been regularly assigned. The message he had sent to her by Branders had been the consequence of a genuine impulse. He did regard her as too beautiful, too gifted, too splendid a product of womanhood, to be a crook, and to consort with crooks and thieves.

Still, he had gone into the game, and now he meant to play it out—and incidentally to lead Madge into better ways if he could.

They walked out of the courtroom together, in silence; they walked along the street for a considerable distance, in silence, also. Nobody observed them particularly. Branders, the lawyer, had detained them a moment to inquire about the balance of eight hundred dollars that was due him for what he had done. Patsy had said to him, sharply enough:

"Beat it, Branders. Don't bother us now. Go around to Compton's to-night at midnight, and you'll get it." Compton's was the restaurant on the East Side, where Patsy had first made the acquaintance of Madge and Denton;* and Patsy did not care to have the lawyer know that he had that much money, and more, with him at the moment; for Patsy had gone out upon the matter that had resulted in the present circumstance, well provided with cash.

Patsy and Madge had gone a considerable distance in utter silence, each busily engaged in thinking, when Madge abruptly asked:

"Donatello, what is your first name?"

"In English it would be Patrick," he replied. "In Spanish, or Italian, Patricio."

"What do your best friends call you—Pat? I'm half inclined to call you Patsy."

"Do so if you like. I will answer to it readily enough."

"Thank you for paying over that hundred dollars for me this morning."

"Oh, that's all right. I was glad to do it."

"I'm afraid that you'll have to stake me to the rest of it, too, if you've got it. I am about broke myself. I don't believe I've got more than a hundred or so to my name just now."

"I'll do that, too, and gladly."

"You're a good pal, Donatello."

"Why don't you call me Patsy, as you suggested?"

"All right, Patsy, I will. What are we going to do, now that we're out of limbo, eh?"

Patsy shrugged his shoulders.

*See preceding issue NICK CARTER STORIES.

"Search me," he said. "Just now I'll go around to your home with you and see that everything is all right. I've a fancy that Branders may loaf around there to bother you after a while."

"Oh! Branders! Pish! He's a worse crook than I am, or than Denton is, or that any of the bunch is, for that matter. I'm always just a little afraid of that man, Patsy."

"I thought you were."

"Eh? Why?"

"The man's in love with you, Madge, or he thinks he is, which amounts to the same thing."

She laughed somewhat uneasily.

"Yes," she admitted; "and now that Bert Denton is to be put away, Branders will think that he's got a clear field. I've half a notion to send him away, too. I could do it. I will if he bothers me."

"Then he has bothered you in the past?"

"Always; ever since I have known the man. He's a bad one—thoroughly bad. Look here, Patsy Donatello, are we—you and I—going to pal together?"

"That depends," he said evasively.

"Upon what?"

"Oh, upon circumstances. One doesn't know, off-hand, how to reply to such questions. You might be sorry for your bargain before you had got well into it."

"Or you might," she said, looking around at him curiously.

"I might; that is true enough."

There was a pause for a long interval, then Patsy suddenly broke the silence.

"Why don't you quit the game, Madge?" he asked.

She did not reply, and he did not address her again until they were ascending the steps of the house where Nick Carter and Chick had made them prisoners the preceding night.

"Shall I go inside with you?" he asked her then.

"Sure. Why not? This shall be your home, too, if you like, if we're going to be pals—now that you understand me."

"No," said Patsy. "We must have the appearance, as well as the fact, of respectability. But I'll go inside with you now."

In the back parlor of the house there were some evidences of the short struggle that had taken place there, but otherwise, save for the room where Nora had been a prisoner, things were unchanged.

Madge paused in the middle of the floor, and looked around her. She was deep in thought for a moment. Then she said:

"I think I will rip things out of here to-day, and send them to a storehouse. My rent is paid up for three months in advance."

"What will you do then?" he asked.

"Oh, I've got a scheme on the carpet, Patsy. It's a good one, too. It's worth almost as much as that two-million-dollar stunt that Denton and the others fell down on. But I'll need help. That is why I asked you to pal with me. Will you do it?"

"I'll hear what it is first, Madge."

"No, you won't," she replied quickly. "You'll agree first, and hear afterward."

CHAPTER IV.

A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

"Signor Patricio Donatello," Madge said, with a half smile upon her lips, "sit down upon that chair over there by the window and answer me some questions. You will think them utterly foolish, or silly, or what you will, but I shall be very much in earnest in asking them."

"Then I will reply as earnestly—if I can," he said, taking the seat she had pointed out to him.

"I want you to be quite frank, and tell me the truth; will you?"

"If that is possible, yes."

"I don't want any bouquets thrown at me, either. I'm not fishing for compliments in the asking. I get enough of that, one time and another."

"I suppose so," he said.

"Before I begin, I want to tell you that I was born with advantages. My people were good people, rather high in place. I have had a fairly good education. It would stack up very well with that of most women in the best New York society."

"I haven't a doubt of it, Madge."

"Now, here is for the questions. You have as much as told me that I am what is called a beautiful woman. Do you really think that? My mirror tells me that, but I want an honest opinion."

"You are a beautiful woman. Nobody could deny you that, Madge."

"But—and this is what I want to know principally—doesn't the life that I have lived show in my face? in the expression of my eyes, in my manner of saying and doing certain things? Isn't there an air of boldness about me that—that comes to one who has fought against the law, who has defied society, who has done wrong things, and who has seen the inside of prisons because of them?"

"Yes, but you could overcome all that."

"Could I? Do you think I could?"

"I know it."

"Here is another: If I were transplanted now into the swim of society—if I were suddenly an heiress with a million or so at my disposal, and should appear among the 'smart set,' could I make a go of it?"

"I don't know why not—provided your old acquaintances among the police would let you alone."

"That is a question on the side. I can take care of that part of it. Answer the question as I asked it."

"I have answered. But I will insist that the coppers would not leave you alone."

"I could fool them."

"You are too well known to be able to do that; and you are much too beautiful not to be remembered."

"You think so—but you don't know what I am

talking about, fortunately for me. I don't think you would let me do what I am thinking about doing, if you could prevent it; but you won't have a chance to do that. I can fool you, too, as well as the cops."

"Perhaps. I'm not denying it; only don't be too sure."

"You'll see—maybe—if I decide to let you see."

"What are you referring to, Madge?"

"I am referring to something that I have thought about, and dreamed about, and figured upon, and planned, for a very long time. And the time has arrived now to do it, if I am ever going to do it. I shall lead the simple life after it, the upright life, the good life. I'll do the charitable act, too. I'll help the downtrodden and the unwary. Gee, Patsy, with that chance in my grasp I can do so much real good in a few years' time that it will offset all the bad things that I have ever done."

"Is that the way you excuse yourself for the commission of another wrong?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Does the carrying out of this plan you are talking about involve the commission of a crime, Madge?"

"The ministers, the lawyers, the cops, and a whole lot of other people would call it that. I don't think that I would. I am not at all sure whether you would or not. Sometimes you puzzle me, and I don't know exactly where to place you. My brain tells me that you are all right, and just what you have made me think you are, but my woman's intuition tells me that you are not. Which is right, Patricio?"

"Perhaps you had best not trust either of them, Madge."

"That is begging the question."

"Let it go a-begging, then."

"Well, anyhow, just for the present I'll follow out what my brain and my inclinations tell me. You may be a minister of the gospel, or a detective in disguise, or anything at all, for all I really know about you. But you have been square with me so far, so I'm going ahead with my questions."

"Well?"

"In order to carry out this thing—and it is a big one—I must have a pal. I want you for that pal."

"Go on."

"I don't want a pal in the ordinary sense, either. I want a real one, one that will stick through thick and thin, in fortune and adversity, for better or worse, in sickness and in death."

"That sounds suspiciously like a portion of the marriage service, Madge."

"That is the way I meant it to sound. I would want a husband—after a time."

"Oh, I see. And you have picked me for the part?"

"Yes."

"You flatter me, don't you?"

"Oh, I'm not proposing to you, although it sounds like it. I wouldn't marry you unless I became very fond of you. I'm romantic enough for that. But I think I could grow to be fond of you after a time,

and I think—well, that I could make you fond of me."

"I was under the impression that you were married already—to Denton."

"I told you last night that I *was* married to him, and that I had divorced him—and that I was thinking of marrying him over again. I was thinking it over, for the sake of expediency, for I long ago ceased to be fond of him. I recovered from it on the day when I found out that he was a crook. Strange, isn't it?"

"Somewhat."

"Now, I'll put it up to you plainly: Just regard me as entirely out of this environment; think of me for a moment as a society belle among the 'upper ten' I have mentioned; think of me as having a fortune all my own, to divide with you; imagine me as appearing suddenly in such a position, next week, or next month, as the case may be, and of sending for you to appear upon the scene as Count Donatello, or Prince Donatello, or something of the sort. Couldn't you pay court to me under such circumstances, knowing that I was ready and willing to receive you as my gallant, knowing that the foundation was already laid for a real affection between us, knowing that in a few months I would accept you and marry you and divide my fortune with you? We'd both be in a secure position then, unafraid of anybody. Couldn't you do that?"

"It would be impossible, Madge, much as I should be flattered by the suggestion," said Patsy, smiling.

"Why?"

"I already have a wife."

"Oh. Well, divorce her. You could go to Reno while I was establishing myself."

"I wouldn't care to do that. You see, I happen to be very much in love with my wife."

"You're a good sort, Donatello," she said. "I like you the better for that. But I'm going to send you away now. You can meet me around at Compton's at ten, and I'll have dinner with you. Branders will be there at twelve, remember. After that, perhaps—*perhaps*—I may unfold this great scheme of mine to you. Now go."

CHAPTER V.

PREVENTING A CRIME.

It was not yet two o'clock in the afternoon when Patsy parted with Gypsy Madge, and he knew that the eight hours that must elapse before he would see her again would hang heavily upon his hands with nothing whatever to do.

When he left her house he felt the need of a talk with Nick Carter, but he did not care to go home as yet; and so he walked through to the Bowery, took a surface car bound downtown, got out at the post office, and walked the rest of the distance to the Telephone Building, in Dey Street. There he secured a booth, and presently got Nick Carter on the wire.

In few words he related everything to the detective that had happened to him during and since his commitment to the Tombs, not neglecting the interview with Branders, the shyster lawyer.

He told, word for word, too, as nearly as he could recall it, the conversation with Madge that has just been recorded, and mentioned the appointment with her and with Branders for that coming night. At the close of it all he said:

"Now, the thing that is getting my goat is this: Can it be that this scheme of Gypsy Madge's has anything to do with Nora Corrigan-Clifton? That is, with the same two million dollars that has already given us so much trouble. I don't see how it can, do you, chief?"

"No," replied the detective.

"Do you think that it is my duty to hang around a while longer and find out what it is?"

"Decidedly."

"She makes me feel like thirty cents, chief. I could play a man like this, all right, without a qualm; but when it comes to a woman, it is different."

"It isn't different, Patsy, if you look at it from the right viewpoint."

"Maybe so. I'm not so sure as to that."

"Anyhow, you seem to have made quite a hit with Madge."

"I have, chief; and it's just this sort of a hit: Deep down inside of her consciousness, Madge would rather be an honest woman than anything else. Her impulses are honest. In me she has recognized, without knowing it, the right impulses."

"Well," continued Patsy, "we will pass up that end of it till another time. I want you just now to tell me exactly what I am to do. I want to work under orders, for on the level my inclination is to throw up the whole thing."

"All right. Here are your orders."

"I'm listening, chief."

"You are to persevere in the disguise you have adopted; you are to go to Compton's to-night at ten o'clock and keep the appointment you have made with Madge; you are to make every effort in your power to find out what her plans are, and against whom they are directed; you are to wait at Compton's for the arrival of Branders; you are to pay him the eight hundred dollars' balance that he demands for his services. I will stand for that, and the payment may ease your conscience a little in regard to the trick you are playing her. Have you got enough money with you?"

"No; not to have any left after I pay Branders."

"Well, Danny is at the door now with the car. I'll send him right down to you with the money. Wait at the entrance to the Telephone Building till he gets there."

"All right."

"To return to Branders: You are to pump him for all you are worth. Madge's remark to you about his being in love with her suggests that this plan of hers

might have originated with him. Anyhow, he's worth pumping."

"All right. Say!"

"Well?"

"What's the matter with your fixing yourself up to-night, and blowing in at Compton's place some time between ten and midnight?"

"I will."

"You don't think that I had better go back to Madge's house before the time for the appointment, do you?"

"No. Do as she asked you to do. Meet her at Compton's at ten o'clock."

"Maybe you'll find me entertaining the crowd with tricks. That's the way I worked it when I was there last night."*

"Just play your part, whatever it is; that's all. Good-by."

And so, a few minutes before ten that night, Patsy entered Compton's place and selected a table, which, as it happened, was the same one he had occupied the preceding night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMING OF "THE SPIDER."

Gypsy Madge did not appear at ten o'clock, nor at half past ten. At eleven o'clock there was no sign of her, and Patsy had received no word from her.

The regular frequenters of Compton's remembered him from the preceding night, and recalled the tricks he had done for them then, and many of them crossed to his table to say a word of greeting, or to joke with him for a moment; otherwise he would have left the place long enough to go around to Madge's house in search of her.

But he figured it out that something that she could not have foreseen had detained her, and that she would appear presently; it never occurred to him that she had purposely broken the engagement, or that she did not mean to appear.

Shortly after half past eleven Branders came in.

He stopped just inside the street door and looked the people over who were in the room, and there were many hands waved at him, and many nods of recognition given him, although Patsy was impressed with the idea that not any of the greetings were remarkable for their cordiality. He decided that although Branders was well enough known to the members of the underworld who gathered at Compton's nightly, he was none too well liked, for all that.

Branders did not pause long at the doorway. He came forward presently, and dropped down upon one of the chairs at Patsy's table.

"Where's Madge?" he demanded abruptly.

"Search me," replied Patsy.

"I suppose her not coming is part of a scheme to put me off about the eight hundred balance that is due me, eh?" Branders sneered at him.

*See preceding issue NICK CARTER STORIES.

"You're a liar, and you know it," said Patsy mildly. "You'll get your eight hundred, all right, when you have delivered a properly written receipt for the amount, in Madge's name and mine."

"Oh, I've got——"

"And there is another thing that I want to say to you right here and now, Branders," Patsy interrupted.

"Nobody's keeping you from saying it, is there?"

"It's this: I'm a trifle quick tempered, and I'm not a woman, either. When you've got anything to say to me, I want you to drop that sneer of yours and say it like a gentleman—I suppose you can imitate one if you try?"

Branders' forehead flushed crimson. He shoved back his chair and half rose to his feet, but Patsy spoke again, and quietly, before the lawyer had got any farther than that.

"Just keep your seat, Branders, or you won't leave this joint the same way you came into it. You're not too heavy to be carried out. See?"

"What the blazes are you quarreling with me for?" Branders demanded, with a half-sickly smile, relapsing again into his chair.

"I'm not quarreling with you, Branders, and I don't mean to; but I'm not going to stand for any of your bullying or bluffing; mind that. You look upon me as a crook who sometimes needs your services, and I look upon you as a shyster lawyer whose services I may some time need. When I have need of you, you're my servant, but I am never yours."

"Well, what is all this about?"

"Just keep a civil tongue in your head and a civil smile on your mug, that's all."

"Maybe you'd better give me that money, Donatello. I'll get out then."

Patsy reached into his pocket and drew forth the roll of bills, and just as he did so the front door opened again, and an apparent stranger entered the room.

The man who entered the place as Patsy drew the roll of bills from his pocket was very evidently a stranger. The hush that followed his entrance told that much.

He paused inside the door, much as Branders had done when he entered, and he looked coolly down the room, letting his gaze travel slowly from table to table, until it was evident that not a face there had escaped his scrutinizing glances.

He was so cool and deliberate about it that there were uneasy movements on the part of the regular patrons of the place. It looked as if the man were deliberately searching for somebody.

Presently he strolled the length of the room to the short bar at the end of it, ordered something, and while it was being prepared deliberately turned his back to the bar, leaned upon it, and gave himself up to a second scrutiny of the occupants of the room, who were now plainly uneasy.

One guest who had been seated alone at a table—a very large man, with a shock of red hair that had

turned gray over the temples, rose from his chair and began to slouch toward the door; but the stranger called out to him:

"Sit down, Muggins; you're not wanted."

The man called Muggins stopped still in his tracks, stared for a moment, smiled grimly, and returned to his chair, still smiling. The others in the room still preserved the tense look of expectancy, and the stranger spoke again:

"Nobody is wanted—unless it's me," he said. "I just wanted to size up this little company, to see if there were any 'bulls' among you. I don't happen to see any, unless—— Who is that handsome duck over there? Can somebody tell me?" And he pointed a finger toward Patsy.

It was the man Muggins who replied. He seemed strangely at ease now.

"He showed up here last night, Spi——" he began, and corrected himself. "He showed up last night," he said again. "I guess he's all right."

Patsy smiled as if he thought it was all right—as indeed he did, for in a certain gesture of that finger which had been pointed so accusingly at him a moment ago, he had caught a signal which nobody but Nick Carter, or perhaps Chick, could have made. He had to confess to himself that even he would not have recognized the chief in that man who leaned against the bar so negligently—in that apparent stranger with the pointed gray beard, and the close-cropped gray mustache. But Patsy did know by that signal he had seen that the newcomer was Nick Carter.

Also it was evident to everybody in that room that Muggins knew the man, or thought he did—which was the same thing so far as they were concerned.

Nick Carter laughed aloud—for it was the detective, and he was playing a part that he had carefully considered before adopting it, a part that he had never played before, and might never attempt again, for before twenty-four hours could pass there were ways by which the men in that room could find out the truth about it.

But for the moment—for the night and the next day, if necessary—Nick felt assured that he could carry it out. Just now he wanted chiefly to convince the people in that room that he really was the individual whom the man Muggins, who was a burglar, had supposed he recognized.

The detective spoke again, addressing them all generally.

"I can't very well take off these whiskers and this mustache, because they're stuck on for keeps; but I can remove the wig for a minute," he said, and did so, replacing it almost instantly, but keeping it off long enough to show that there was red hair under it—also a wig, tight-fitting and thin, but they did not suspect that. "I reckon some of you know me now, eh? Tell 'em who I am, Mug."

"Why, it's the Spider, boys," said Muggins, rising

and joining the so-called Spider at the bar. "Say, how'd you make a get-away, Spider?"

"Oh," he said, so that all could hear him, "they sent me out in the open to work on the new prison, and I beat it. I'll tell you all about it another time. I'm hungry and thirsty now."

CHAPTER VII.

IN DISGUISE.

There was one person in that room who had regarded the scene that had just been enacted with the supercilious air of the very much aloof up to the point where the announcement was made that the newcomer was the Spider. But he paled visibly when the statement was made. He looked exceedingly uncomfortable, and Patsy, who happened to glance at him, saw instantly that something was the matter; for the man was Branders.

Branders tried to leave the table and escape from the room, but the Spider, whose eyes seemed to be everywhere at once, saw the act, and called out to him:

"Don't you be in any hurry, Branders. I've got a short séance to hold with you. I've got a pill here that could travel to that door a heap sight quicker than you."

Branders subsided upon his chair, looking uncomfortable. For a moment after that Nick held quite a reception in front of the bar, for many in the room came forward to greet him.

There was not one there who did not know the reputation of the Spider, and there were many there who had known him personally, and more or less well, before he had been gathered in and sent to prison; and Muggins had been known to be one of the Spider's former pals, so it did not occur to any of them to doubt the identity of the man, since Muggins had been the first to recognize him.

This goes to show how carefully Nick Carter had made up for the part he was playing; but then he never did attempt a part without paying close attention to every detail.

After a moment Nick turned again from the bar and faced the roomful.

"I've got a little speech to make to you-all," he said. "It won't take long, and it will set me right. It doesn't much matter how I got here; I'm here, and that's enough. And to get here I had to beat it without stopping to ask permission. So it goes as it lays that I'm wanted pretty badly. See?"

They saw—and nodded in silence. They understood the significance of that statement. Nick went on again:

"Nick Carter rounded me up and sent me away, as you all know, about—well, almost three years ago; but I'm not holding anything out against him for doing it. That's all in the line of his trade. Some of you remember something about it, and you can tell the others, if they want to know. Life's too short

for me to repeat it here. But there was one man—he's here in this room, too, now—that gave me one end of the double cross, thinking that I'd been sent away for keeps. I'm talking about you, Branders."

Branders stirred uneasily, and then replied:

"On the level, Spider, I didn't mean to, and that's straight. Carter had me dead to rights, too, or at least I thought he did. I had to use that thousand dollars of yours to take a trip out of the country, and stay——"

"Oh, tell it to Sweeny. We all know what you are, Branders," the supposed Spider interrupted. "What I want now is that thousand dollars of mine. I'm the Spider, ain't I? And didn't the Spider give you a thousand dollars to do certain things with that you did not do?"

"That's right, Spider," admitted Branders. "I've got two hundred here with me, if that will do you any——"

"And I was just on the point of paying him eight hundred that I owe him for Gypsy Madge and myself," spoke up Patsy, grinning.

"Well," replied the Spider, "pay him the eight hundred, and get your receipt; and then, Branders, you can pay over the thousand to me. That right, pals?"

A general murmur of approval regarding the arrangement went up on every side.

Patsy paid over the money, took Branders' prepared receipt, which was given to him with a scowl, and then Branders passed over the thousand dollars to the supposed Spider.

But Patsy was still grinning over the thought that Madge's bill and his own had been paid to the lawyer without the loss of a cent. It all came about by Nick's knowledge of that former transaction between Branders and the convict.

A moment later Nick left the bar against which he had been leaning, and, with Muggins, crossed the room to the table where Patsy and Branders were seated; and then, little by little, the conditions in the room resumed their previous aspect, although many furtive and interested glances were cast toward the table where the notorious Spider was seated.

"Now, Muggins," he said, "what do you know about this chap? Eh?" And he indicated Patsy, who sat opposite to him, with a gesture. "You say that he showed up here for the first time last night; and he says that Branders did something for him to-day—for him and Gypsy Madge—which called for the payment of eight hundred dollars."

"Oh, he was here doing stunts last night," said Muggins. "He sat here at this table, with Madge and Denton—you remember Denton, don't you?"

"Yes."

"He went out with them, went to Madge's home. Nick Carter was there, waiting for the bunch, and he took Donatello along with the others. Branders got him and Madge out this morning. Denton, Slick

Sanderson, and the Boyntons will get the limit, I guess."

"What's that handle? Donatello? Where'd you get it, youngster?" demanded the supposed Spider.

"I made it," said Patsy. "Out uh whole cloth, too, and I've got a patent on it."

"I think, Spider," said Branders, "that I'll be going—if you don't need me any more," he said.

"You'll stay right here till I tell you to go, Branders," was the reply. "I get it from what I've heard to-night that maybe Madge is expected. Is that right, you fellow with the fancy name?"

"She was to be here at ten. It is after midnight now, and she hasn't shown up," replied Patsy.

"Maybe Branders can tell us why," suggested Spider. We will continue to call him so for the present, although we need not forget that he is Nick Carter all the time.

Branders shrugged his shoulders, and after a moment replied:

"Madge has got a deal on. I don't know what it is, only that she told me to-day at the prison that she'd have money to burn after a little while. When she says that she generally means it. I—well, I fixed it up in my own mind this morning that she had worked it out to pal up with Donatello, here; but it looks to me now as if he hadn't made good with her somehow and she's given him the kibosh." Branders said all this with that same sneer to which Patsy had already objected to.

Patsy made a sudden move, which brought him leaning over the table toward the lawyer. He reached out and seized Branders' nose between his thumb and forefinger, and pinched it, as any one in the room might have expressed it, good and plenty.

The act brought a howl of rage from Branders, as well as tears to his eyes, and when Patsy released him he sprang to his feet and reached toward his hip pocket; but Nick spoke up sharply and quickly before the man could draw.

"Sit down, Branders," he said. "We won't have any gun play here, not this evening. I rather cotton to this Donatello chap. He served you right. That's a nasty way of sneering that you've got, anyhow. I wonder if you've done anything to Madge that's keeping her away from coming here to-night."

"I'll go around to her house and find out," said Patsy, rising.

"And I guess we'll mosey along with you," said the Spider, rising also. "Come along, Muggins. This isn't your funeral, nor mine, either, but I guess we can take part in it if we feel like it; that is, unless Mr. Donatello, here, don't think we're butting in."

"Butting in? Not a bit of it," replied Patsy. "Come along."

"You see," said the Spider, when they were outside upon the street, and as he hooked his arm into one of Branders' as if he had an idea that the lawyer might attempt to escape from them, "if Madge made an engagement to meet you here, Donatello, she

ain't the one to go back on it without a good and sufficient reason. Now I've got a hunch that maybe something might have happened to Gypsy Madge, and that more than likely Branders knows what it is."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOR.

The house was dark when they paused in front of it, but that fact was not surprising, for it was not the habit of Gypsy Madge to appear too much at home at any time. Still, there was an element of misgiving in Patsy's feelings as he sought in his pocket for his picklock, which was precisely like the one that Nick Carter always carried, and then deftly opened the door.

Although the interior of the house was in utter darkness, Patsy had no sooner stepped past the inner door into the hall than a sense of desolation fell upon him, and when he struck a match and lighted the gas he understood instantly what it meant.

The hallway was bare. The carpet that had covered it, and the one on the stairs had both been removed; the hat rack was gone, as was a chair that had stood beside it; the double doors into the parlor stood wide open, and a glance told them all that every vestige of furniture had been removed from that room.

Nobody uttered a word as they made their way together to the back parlor, and there the same scene of desolation confronted them. It was at once apparent that the house had been stripped of everything that it had contained.

"It looks as if she had 'flew the coop,'" said Muggins, who was the first to break the silence that had followed upon their entrance.

"Very much so," said the Spider gravely.

"Do you know anything about this, Branders?" Patsy demanded, turning savagely upon the lawyer.

"Not a thing," was the cool reply, but there was the ghost of a smile upon his face when he said it that made them all doubt his word.

"We all think you're lying, Branders," said the Spider. "But we can't prove it, and so we'll have to give you the benefit of the doubt. There is something over there on the mantel, Donatello; maybe you'd better see what it is. It looks like a note that Madge has left behind her."

There was a folded slip of paper on the mantel, which Patsy opened and read aloud to the others. It said:

"My scheme is too big and too good to take chances with, Donatello, and I am getting to like you too well not to take you for my pal if we hang around together any more. The pal that I take in this affair has got to be my husband later on, when the time comes, for that is, or rather will be, part of the success of the scheme. It is a matter of expediency, that's all, so I'm saying good-by. I'm sending all my things to a storehouse. You'll pay off Branders for me to-night, and some day I'll send my share of it back to you if

things pan out; if they do not—well, maybe I'll let you know about it some day, and maybe I won't. There is one thing that I wanted to ask you about to-day, which I couldn't quite scrape up the courage to ask. It's about that wife of yours, that you love and are so true to. I just wanted to ask you this: Does she know that you are a crook? If she doesn't, you take my advice and stop being one before she does find it out—for that would break her heart, and yours, too; take it from me. Maybe we'll never meet again, maybe we will, at that. Maybe I'll be white-haired by that time; who knows? If you do see me again, ever, I won't be then what I am now—Madge Burleigh.

"P. S.—I heard some unexpected news to-day after you left me, about a man I used to know—only never very well. If what I have heard is true, he will need me just about as badly as I need somebody exactly like him just now. 'Walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly.' Did you ever hear of that expression? Well, I'm the fly, and I hear the spider calling to me, so I'm going to walk in—after a little; but not right away. Does all this puzzle you, Donatello? Maybe, after I am white-haired, when you see me again, you'll understand it.

"P. P. S.—Don't forget what I have said about that wife of yours. If she doesn't know that you're a crook, don't be one. A good woman is worth keeping good; and a bad man is worth making himself good for a good woman's sake. Take it from me.

"M."

"Maybe you think now that I lied to you," said Branders, when the reading was finished. "It strikes me that the letter lets me out of it."

Nobody made any reply, and after a moment he spoke again.

"Say, Spider," he said, "did you catch onto something that Madge said there? Hey?"

"What are you referring to, Branders?" Nick asked.

"That 'Walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,' business."

"What of it?"

"Doesn't she say that she's the fly, and that she hears the spider calling her?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"And doesn't she say that she has heard some unexpected news about a man that she used to know, but never very well, and that if the news is true that man will need her as much as she needs him?"

"Yes. Again, what of it?"

"I'm a lawyer. I'm used to fitting things together, I am; and I was wondering if maybe Gypsy Madge hadn't heard of your escape—and so referred to you. You're the Spider."

"Had you heard of it, Branders?" Nick Carter knew that it was quite possible that both Branders and Gypsy Madge had heard that the Spider had escaped from his prison guards, because, that very afternoon, in the furtherance of the plan he had made, he

had asked a friend of his, who was a reporter for one of the evening papers, to slip into the paper a squib which read: "It is rumored that the notorious burglar, commonly known as the Spider, escaped yesterday afternoon from the prison guards, while he was at work on the new prison that is being erected, and is now at large. The report has not been verified, but if it should prove to be true it would be well for the police of New York City to be on the lookout for him," et cetera, et cetera.

When Branders did not reply, Nick repeated the question.

"Had you heard of it?" he asked a second time.

"I saw something about it in the evening paper," Branders admitted. "I didn't believe it, though, till I saw you, and I wouldn't believe it now, either, if it wasn't for your voice, which seems all right, and the fact that Muggins knew you at once when you spoke to him. Maybe Madge saw it, too."

"Maybe she did."

"Well, 'Walk into my parlor,' says Madge," was the somewhat enigmatical remark that Branders made next. "Once you came mighty near to telling me all about that 'parlor' of yours, Spider, only you caught yourself up, and didn't. But every crook in Gotham knows that you've got a safe and sure place to stay in when you want to keep under cover, and that you call it 'The Spider's Parlor.' That's where I guessed you'd go, if you really had made your get-away."

Nick was silent. He preferred to let Branders talk. All of this was news to him, for he had never heard of The Spider's Parlor.

But Branders ceased talking until Nick made another remark to force him to go on.

"You'd better finish what you were saying, Branders," he told the man coldly. "You're on dangerous ground now, and you'd better get it all out of you."

"There isn't anything more to get out of me; only I was wondering if Madge's beauty hadn't got the better of you to the extent of your showing her where that nice little parlor of yours is located. See?"

"No, I don't see."

"Because, if that is so, that's what she means, and that's where she's gone; and it's you, Spider, who need her as much as she needs you. See?"

"Go on. Get it all out of you, Branders."

"Gypsy Madge's scheme, whatever it is, is one in which she will utterly lose her identity. I have guessed enough about it to know that. Well, if she loses hers, wouldn't the gun that worked with her lose his, too? You were sent up for not less than ten, or more than twenty years, and you ain't hankering to get caught, are you?"

"Not very much."

"Well, if she knows where that parlor of yours is, and—"

"Aw, dry up!" said Muggins, interrupting. "She don't know. Nobody does know but Spider and me. Ain't I been livin' in it ever since Spider was sent up the river?" He turned to Nick, and added apolo-

getically: "I had to butt in, Spider, 'cause you might have thought that I hadn't played square with you since you told me where it was and told me to use it. But I ain't never took a soul into it, you can bet your life on that, Spider."

CHAPTER IX.

DECIDING A FINE POINT.

Nick Carter found himself in a dilemma.

Up the river at Sing Sing Prison was a notorious burglar whom Nick had arrested, and been instrumental in sending there more than two years ago—a burglar, one of whose many aliases was the Spider.

Until Nick Carter arrested the Spider, and found a way to convict him, the man had successfully eluded the law for a very long time; and now, two years and more after the man had been sent away, this information came out about him when it was least expected, and from a quarter that was not anticipated.

That the Spider had had a cache that was well concealed, and where he had not only concealed his plunder in the past, but where also he had successfully and many times concealed himself, and perhaps his friends as well, had been well enough known to the police, but the best of concentrated effort had failed to discover where that place was located.

Now, by an accident, Nick had been brought into contact with the only man that did know about it, with the only person in whom the Spider had had confidence when he was sent away—Muggins.

Nick Carter had not had any particular motive in adopting the name of the Spider for his expedition that night. He had made use of it on an impulse, after he had talked over the telephone with Patsy, and had agreed with his assistant that he would present himself in some guise, at Compton's that night.

An encounter with the reporter, and the fact that he was going into the neighborhood which the Spider had used the most during his career, together with the fact that the Spider was well and thoroughly out of the way, had suggested to the detective, on the spur of the moment, that he could not do better than to make use of the name and reputation of the imprisoned burglar.

For Nick knew a great deal about the Spider. He knew his habits, the sound of his voice, many of his mannerisms, and in size and physique he was about a counterpart of the Spider; and, moreover, everybody who knew the Spider at all, friends and enemies, had always known that he was an adept at disguising himself.

Therefore, in counterfeiting him, Nick did not have to make up *like* him; he had only to adopt a disguise of some sort, and then to conduct himself so that the crooks who had known the burglar more or less well would *assume* that it was the Spider who had escaped from prison and had returned among them.

The presence of Muggins in Compton's had helped out the deception, as we have seen, for Muggins had

been arrested with the Spider on that other occasion, and had been discharged for lack of sufficient evidence; and since that time Muggins had managed somehow to keep out of the meshes of the law.

But here was Muggins now, admitting that he knew where The Spider's Parlor was located, admitting that he had made use of it with the permission of the Spider. And here was Muggins, doubtless willing and anxious to take Nick Carter, in the character of the supposed Spider, to that mysterious retreat.

And Nick was as willing and as anxious to go there with the man; only there were difficulties in the way which it would not be safe to belittle.

Crooks are always suspicious, and while Muggins might not at the moment have the slightest doubt that the bearded man with him was the Spider, he would be exceedingly quick to detect the slightest thing that Nick might do which would not be exactly the same as the Spider would have done it had he been actually on the spot.

Again, in going there it was not possible for the detective to take the initiative in the slightest degree; he would have to leave all that to Muggins, and the very fact that he did so might arouse suspicion in the mind of Muggins.

And again, crooks, when they jointly make use of a place of the sort that this one must naturally be, are apt to make agreement between themselves that they will never on any account go to it or leave it in company, that is, together, on the principle that one person is rarely noticed where two persons are likely to be seen.

If Muggins should suggest to the supposed Spider that he go ahead alone, and that Muggins would follow a little later, or vice versa, the fat would be in the fire, for the detective had no more idea where The Spider's Parlor was located than if he had never heard the name of it mentioned.

One might naturally ask: What was the use in going there at all?

But the reply is obvious, for while there was now nothing against Gypsy Madge, and there existed no reason for pursuing her, even if she had in some manner discovered the location of The Spider's Parlor and gone there, there was still the advantage to be gained by the knowledge of such a place, and there was also the undoubted suggestion in the detective's mind that much stolen loot would be found there.

Every consideration of the case occurred to the detective during the moment or two that passed while Branders was speaking, and when Muggins made the reply to him that he did—and on the spur of the moment the detective decided, as he had been forced to do on other occasions many times in the past: That is, he made up his mind to let things shape themselves, and to follow the shaping of them to the end.

With all these considerations there was also the letter from Madge which she had left upon the mantel for Patsy to read.

The detective did not reply to the last remark of

Muggins, except by a reassuring glance of his eyes—which was enough for the crook.

Then he shrugged his shoulders, and turned on his heel toward the door into the hall.

"Come on, Muggins," he called.

Nick had purposely ignored the others, for he knew that Patsy would realize that *he* could not go with them; he anticipated that Patsy would deem it worth while to keep an eye on Branders for a little while; and so they all went out of the stripped house and down the steps to the street, it being then about two o'clock in the morning.

"I'm going to beat it," said Branders, stopping for an instant at the bottom of the steps; then, without waiting for a comment upon the part of any of them, he started away at a brisk walk.

Patsy, without a word or a look toward Nick or Muggins, started after him, caught up with him, and hastened along beside him—and we will leave him there for the moment, while we follow Nick Carter and the former pal of the Spider.

"Say," said Muggins, the moment they were alone together; "on the level, Spider, does Gypsy Madge know anything about the place? Eh?"

"Not from me," replied Nick, with perfect truth, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, not from me, either," was the response. "Then she couldn't have gone there, could she, Spider?"

"Not likely."

"You've got to lay pretty low for a while, Spider," was the next remark of Muggins, and as he made it he started slowly along the street, as if impelled in a certain direction. "I suppose you're going there now, ain't you?"

Nick nodded.

"Shall you go first, or shall I?" Muggins asked.

For an instant, but without making the pause perceptible to Muggins, Nick Carter hesitated as to what answer to give; but he determined in that instant to take the bit in his teeth, so to speak, and so he replied:

"We'll go together this time, Muggins."

He saw an instant of hesitation on the part of Muggins, then; but only for an instant. Then they walked on, side by side.

CHAPTER X.

TWO STARTLING CONFESSIONS.

Muggins walked along beside the detective, not realizing that he was leading the way, and little suspecting that it was the much-dreaded Nick Carter who was his companion.

Whenever they approached a corner where it was likely that they might have to make a turn in order to take the correct course, Nick found some excuse to lag behind, or to hesitate until Muggins should take the initiative.

Once, after they had gone a considerable distance,

and Nick thought that they must be approaching near to the place, and when Muggins manifestly held back, as if to permit the supposed Spider to lead the way, Nick had to stop to tie a shoe lace—and while doing it he watched Muggins so narrowly that he guessed which was the proper course to take after it was done.

So they presently came to a storage warehouse far down on the East Side, and from the manner of Muggins as they drew nearer to it Nick had not a doubt that The Spider's Parlor was located somewhere within that building; and then he had recourse to a plan which had gradually matured in his mind while they had been walking and talking together.

He suddenly swayed in his tracks, and it seemed as if he would have fallen if he had not reached out a hand and seized upon Muggins, and even then he backed up against the wall of the building and stood there, panting, as if he had about reached the limit of his endurance.

Muggins seized upon him solicitously.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Nick smiled, and replied, faintly enough:

"I reckon that I can last out till we get there. Guess I'm about all in, Muggins."

"Say, did them bulls pink you when you made your get-away?" Muggins asked anxiously.

"It isn't an easy thing to dodge bullets—entirely," said Nick, in what Muggins accepted as an assent to his question. "I reckon maybe you'll have to give me a lift."

Muggins did give him a lift without more ado. He seized Nick by the arm and hurried him along the wall of the building, and presently into a narrow alleyway that led along behind it.

The windows at the rear of the building were fastened with iron shutters, doubtless chained and locked inside; but at one of them Muggins stopped.

While Nick still preserved every outward appearance of utter weakness, and leaned against the wall, Muggins felt along the edge of the end of the sill until he found something that he sought, and then he pulled from its place of hiding a long, slender rod of steel.

There was a small round hole in the casing beside the iron shutter, and Muggins inserted the steel rod into it, and seemed to press upon it until Nick could hear a sharp click, as if a latch had been sprung.

Then Muggins withdrew the steel rod, replaced it in its hiding place under the sill, and deliberately pulled open the heavy shutter, casing and all.

That is to say, it opened from the casing, to which one half of the heavy iron shutters were hinged, and both halves of the shutter swung outward upon the hinges of one of the halves. Then Muggins turned expectantly to the supposed Spider.

"I reckon you'll have to help me inside," said Nick. "I don't like to give up like this, Muggins."

"Sho! Never mind that," was the reply; and he seized upon the detective and assisted him through the opening into the building.

He closed the shutter then, and Nick heard the

sharp click of the latch as it was returned to its place; and after that Muggins did not need any more coaching in what he was expected to do.

He seized Nick by one arm and hurried him along through darkness, making several turns, finally ascending some stairs, and then others, until Nick was certain that they had reached the fourth, and doubtless the top, floor of the building.

In a moment more he had proof of this, for they went up a last flight of stairs that had no railing, and Muggins threw the flash of a pocket light upon a door that gave out upon the roof through a hooded way, and Nick saw him spring the latch and push the door open.

They stepped out upon the roof; the door was closed behind them; they stood there under the stars, near the rear of the square building, five stories up from the street.

Looming in front of them, at the center of the structure, Nick could see the outlines of a cupola, and toward this Muggins led him; and so, after a moment of more attention to latches, they ascended a few steps, entered the place, the door was closed behind them, Muggins flashed his light again, then snapped on an electric switch, and—

Nick Carter stood inside The Spider's Parlor.

It was a room that was all of sixteen feet square; it occupied the entire area of the square cupola on the top of that warehouse building; it had windows on every side of it, although every one of the windows was heavily curtained, so that not a ray of light could escape from the place.

The room itself might have been located in some Fifth Avenue mansion, if the luxury of its furnishings were accepted as the criterion.

The detective could only guess at the creation of such a place, could only conjecture how it could have been wrought into its present condition and preserved so, on the top of a warehouse building in the city of New York.

But how or why it was there does not matter. It was there, and it had been allowed to remain there unmolested, through some arrangement with the owners—unless it happened that the Spider owned the building himself.

But Muggins, who had lived there by his own admission for two years, was accustomed to the elegance of it, and his first thought was a solicitous one for his companion.

"Now, let me get at that wound of yours, Spider," he said anxiously. "You've only to cast your eyes about the place to see that everything is as you left it."

Nick had already crossed the room to one of the couches, and had thrown himself upon it.

"Wait, Muggins," he said. "Don't touch me just yet. Sit down over there in that sleepy-hollow chair, and light a cigar. I want to talk to you."

"But—your wound."

"We'll come to that part of the subject presently,

and in plenty of time. Things look sort of comfy here, don't they?"

"That they do. I have never been so contented in my life as since I have been living here. I suppose you wonder why I was sitting around at Compton's so openly to-night, but the fact is that since you were sent away, and I came here to live, I haven't been able to bear the thought of the inside of a prison, and I've been keeping straight. I haven't got a thing against me now. Fact is, Spider, I'm working."

"What!"

"Fact. I've been keeping straight—and I rather like it. I'm bookkeeper and superintendent for a trucking outfit about four blocks from here, and—maybe you'll be down on me like a thousand of brick for saying it—I've passed up the crooked business for good, for I am determined that I will never do another thing to put me inside of a prison again. There! That's off my mind."

Nick Carter left the couch where he was seated; he crossed the room until he stood directly in front of Muggins; he thrust out both his hands, and he said:

"Muggins, give me both of your hands—so. That's it. Now, I'm going to hold you this way, so that you can't move, until I have told you something that will surprise you. It is this, Muggins: I am not the Spider. I am Nick Carter, the detective. There, there, there! Wait now, until I tell you the rest of it, Muggins."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

Muggins' struggles lasted only a moment, for Nick Carter held his wrists in a grip that was like a vise, and he very quickly discovered that he could not hope to break away from it.

"I'm not wounded, Muggins, and I'm not at all weak, as you see. I am much stronger than you are, and I can hold you this way until you are tired with struggling. Now, listen to me."

"You've played me a nasty trick, Carter," said Muggins, his eyes blazing with anger as he realized what the detective had led him to do.

"It's all in the line of my profession, Muggins," said Nick. "Now, I'll start out by telling you that I haven't got a thing against you, that I'm mighty glad to hear what you have just told me about your leading a straight life, and that I'll help you all that I can in that effort. Is that satisfying?"

"Living a straight life and keeping out of prison doesn't mean that I'm going back on my old pals, or that I'm going to be any stool pigeon, Carter."

"No, and if you know anything at all about me, you know that that is the very last thing on earth that I would expect you to do."

Muggins made no reply.

"How many guns have you got on you, right now?" the detective asked.

"I haven't got any. I don't pack one any more—not since the Sullivan law was passed. I tell you I'm living straight."

"I believe you. Now, if I release you and return to that couch over there, will you sit quietly and talk this thing over with me until you understand it? Will you not attempt to make any attack upon me, or to get away until I am through with you?"

"I suppose I'll have to, won't I?"

"No, by Jove, you won't have to. I haven't got a thing against you. Spider is in prison, and so there isn't anything against him that I'm looking for. You can go down and out of here right now, if you want to."

"Do you mean that, Carter?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Then what are you here for at all? Why did you fool me into bringing you here?"

"I did it all on general principles, Muggins."

"Say, I'll give you one pointer: There isn't a stolen article in this room, not one. Everything that is here was bought and paid for in an honest way, and that's straight. All the same I don't just see why you played this trick on me."

Nick released Muggins' hands and returned to the couch.

"Muggins," he said, "so far as I am concerned you can keep right on living here in this place the way you have been doing, and nobody will molest you. More, I will give you my word that not a soul shall hear about it from me."

"Do you mean all that, Carter?"

"That is the second time you have asked me that question within a few minutes. I'm not in the habit of saying things that I do not mean, Muggins."

"What did you come here with me for, anyhow, if you have nothing——"

"I came, or had the desire to come, because of the suggestion made by Branders, that Madge might be here."

"Oh, you want her, do you?"

"No—not for anything that she has done. I want to keep her from doing the thing that Branders and Donatello referred to to-night."

"Oh! Say, you're playing it too fine for me."

"Also, I was further induced to come here with you because I naturally supposed that there might be a lot of loot hidden here. You say there is not, and that settles that. I am willing to take your word for it, after what you told me while you still supposed me to be the Spider, and was afraid I wouldn't like it."

"I meant what I said. And there isn't a stolen article in this place, either. Even the Spider wouldn't bring any of his swag to this place. Say—but no; I won't tell you."

"Perhaps you'd better, whatever it is."

"No. The Spider can tell you himself, if he wants you to know it—as I think he will—when he comes out. But say, that's all bosh about the idea of Madge

being here. She don't know anything about this place."

"Doesn't she? Are you sure?"

"Nobody knows. Nobody could find it, Carter."

"I have found it."

"Well, you're not human—about some things."

The detective laughed.

"Muggins," he said, "I would like to make you understand just how some things happen. I'm going to take you a little way into my confidence in doing it, too. I'm going to put my cards down, face up, on the table, for you to see them, and I do it just because I want you to know that I thoroughly believe what you said about yourself a little while ago, your determination to give up the ways of the underworld, and to live an upright and honest life. In doing that you will find that I will be your friend, and I want you to know now that I believe in you and trust you."

"Carter, by thunder, I've heard that you were square and on the level with everybody, but I'll be damned if ever I thought you were as square as all that!" said Muggins, with an ill-concealed attempt to hide the emotion he felt.

Nick Carter lighted a cigar that he took from one of his pockets. Then he said:

"Well, this is the situation: The man whom you know as Donatello is my assistant, who is called Patsy. He——"

"Gee whiz! You *have* got your lines out, eh?"

"He was arrested with Sanderson, and Denton, the Boyntons, and Madge, at his own request, and Madge took a fancy to him. She made a proposition to him which showed that she has some big scheme on foot of which you heard mention to-night. To-day Patsy telephoned to me that he would like to have me present at the café when he met Madge and Branders there, at Compton's. Well, I made up my mind to go there, and I borrowed the Spider's identity for the purpose. Just to make it the more secure I asked a reporter friend of mine to put that squib in the paper about the rumored escape of the Spider. You know how it worked out."

"Yes."

"Well, the lay that I have been on since I did that was not to put somebody *in* prison, but to keep somebody *out* of prison; and the lay that Patsy has been on ever since he was taken to the Tombs has not been to catch Madge Burleigh in the commission of a crime, but to *prevent her from committing one*."

"I wouldn't have believed it of you if I hadn't heard you say it."

"Patsy has heard enough, and he has told me enough, so that we are convinced that Madge has got a plan for stealing the identity of some woman of wealth, and the fortune that goes with it—and an effort of that kind *may mean* that the life of that other person is in danger; and so, you see, I am here mostly to save that other life, if possible. I am merely anticipating a crime, and endeavoring to prevent it. See that?"

"Surest thing you know, Carter. It's great!"

"In some way Branders is mixed up in this thing; how I don't know. But Branders is smart, and shrewd, and slick—all three. He'll do Madge if he can. She will have to pay the price, and he will take the goods; that's the way I look at it. Now, there are the cards that I hold, Muggins. What do you think of them?"

"I'd like to shake hands with you, Carter, if you'll let me."

"There is my hand, Muggins, and in taking yours I feel that I am grasping an honest one now, no matter what it has been in the past."

"You're a crackajack, Carter."

"Oh, I don't know about that. I do know, though, that I'd much rather save one of your kind from the commission of a crime than to send a dozen of them to prison afterward. Now——"

A small buzzer sounded faintly from beneath the table in the middle of the room, and Muggins started to his feet, and in an instant had switched off the lights in the room.

"Somebody is coming up the stairs," he said. "I wonder if Spider has escaped, after all!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCHEME OF GYPSY MADGE.

The noise caused by the electric buzzer had been so faint that it could not have been heard outside the door of the room.

The sound had continued for half a second and was followed by a silence that lasted twice as long; then the sound of the buzzer came again, and was again succeeded by the silence—and that sort of thing continued until there had been four distinct alarms.

"I don't think it can be the Spider, unless he is ill," said Muggins in a whisper. "He wouldn't come as slowly as all that."

"Sch-h-h-h!" warned the detective.

"That buzzer is connected with the four steps nearest the bottom of the stairs to the roof," whispered Muggins. "There will be two or three minutes more, at the best, before the person whose weight sounded the buzzer can get here." He was silent a moment, then he added: "It will sound again when the person who is approaching steps out upon the roof. There!"

The buzzer gave another warning, even more faint than before, and shorter.

It was now absolutely dark inside the cupola room. There was not a ray of light anywhere, and in that instant Nick could hear Muggins moving in the darkness.

"Come," he whispered into Nick's ear. "There is a hide-away under the floor. We'll get into it until we see who it is."

"You get into it," Nick whispered back to him. "I'll wait where I am."

"But—it *must* be the Spider."

"I don't think so. I think it is Madge. Get out of sight and leave me to meet whoever it is."

There was no more time to argue the point. Nick heard a faint sound as Muggins made another move in the darkness; then all was still.

The silence lasted for several moments while Nick Carter waited where he sat, and then there came a faint tap against the door.

Nick made no response to it. He remained perfectly still, acting in every respect exactly as he thought the Spider would have done.

The tapping at the door was repeated a third time, and then Nick moved cautiously across the floor to the door, turned the handle of it noiselessly, and pulled it open suddenly.

After the intense darkness of the room inside the cupola, the starlight without was amply sufficient for Nick Carter to see quite plainly that it was a woman who stood at the bottom step outside, waiting to be admitted, and he was convinced, too, that the outlines of that perfect figure belonged to Gypsy Madge.

If he had been in doubt as to that, her first words of greeting to him would have dispelled it, for, in a perfectly natural manner, which belonged to her, she laughed lightly, and said, in a low tone:

"You're surprised, aren't you, Spider? You didn't expect to see me here—or any one else, for that matter, eh?"

Nick made no reply. He was playing the rôle of the Spider for the moment, and he preferred to preserve it. She went on:

"Aren't you going to let me inside of your parlor?"

Still he made no reply, and she went on again:

"I'm on to your disguise, Spider. I was at Compton's all the time when you were there to-night. Compton has been a good friend of mine, and he let me hide away where I could look on and see without being seen, see? I saw it in the paper that you had made your get-away, and I figured it out that you'd blow in at Compton's during the night, so as soon as I got my goods to a storehouse I went there. Then I followed you and the others when you went around to my house, and I tagged along after you when you and Muggins came here, only I kept out of sight. That's my little tale, Spider."

"How'd you know how to get inside?" Nick asked, in the same manner that the Spider might have asked the question. He was very desirous that Madge should have no doubt whatever that he was the Spider.

"Oh, I have known about that for a long time. I have been here before, when Muggins wasn't in. I found out the secret by spying upon him. I had to follow him a dozen times or more before I worked it all out, but I got it—and here I am. Aren't you going to let me inside?"

"Maybe it'll be a heap easier to get in than it will be to get out again," said the supposed Spider.

"All right, Spider. I'm taking chances on that. I'm playing the game to the limit, and we need each other. That's why I'm here. If I can't convince you

—well, you can throw me off of the roof into the street, that's all."

"Come in," said Nick, backing out of the doorway; and when she had stepped inside and he had closed the door, he snapped on the lights with a suddenness that made her blink; for in that interval she had thrown aside the heavy veil which had concealed her face and head so effectually, and when he turned toward her she was smiling at him in her own inimitable way.

And Nick Carter confessed himself startled by the transformation she had made in her personal appearance.

Her gypsy-black hair was snowy white. Her beautiful face, although still youthful, and without a line of age upon it, had yet been rendered by some magic art that was all her own to appear as if its owner were many years older than she really was.

With the casting aside of the veil, she had also thrown open the long coat which had hitherto concealed her costume, and she stood before Nick Carter, arrayed in all the finery and elegance of a superb evening costume. Diamonds and other precious stones gleamed upon her neck and bosom and in her ears, and in her white hair, for she had worn no head covering other than the veil, which was now cast aside.

She was a gorgeously beautiful woman, and she had meant to make herself as attractive as possible for this spectacular appearance.

Nick stared for a moment, surprised, and she emitted a little ripple of laughter when she noticed it; and she said, with a touch of mischief in the utterance: "I am beautiful, am I not?"

"You are."

"May I sit down?"

"You may."

"Does not my beauty and my presence here impress you at all?"

"They do."

"You don't appear to be wildly enthusiastic about it?"

"I'm not."

"Where is Muggins?"

"He is not here."

"So I see. Where is he?"

"He has gone out of the room."

"Oh! Well, we'll pass that up. Would you have recognized me if you had encountered me on the street?"

"I think so."

"Would you, if you had seen me riding past in a carriage, with a coachman and footman, or had peered through a lighted window into one of the Fifth Avenue mansions, and had seen me there, among others?"

"Perhaps not."

"Well, that brings me to the question I have come here to ask you."

"That is comforting, at least," replied Nick non-committally.

"This is the question: Would you like to step from

this very elegant parlor of yours into a position where you can share a large fortune with me—share and share alike, I mean—and if you do that will you play square and on the level with me, and give up for good and all the ways of a crook?"

"That is rather a large question, isn't it?" he replied.

"Never mind; answer it."

"I'd rather hear the particulars before I reply to it."

"That's the trouble; you'll have to reply, and in the affirmative, before I give them."

"Then I'm afraid that we can't do business. I never went blindfolded into a thing in my life, and I'm not at all inclined to do it now—particularly when it is a woman, and a beautiful one at that, who makes the demand upon me. Take your request somewhere else, Madge."

She hesitated a moment; then she said:

"I'll make you rather a long speech, Spider."

"Go ahead."

"I'll tick the points of it off on my fingers while I talk."

"As you please."

"You are an educated man," she began, holding up the first finger of her left hand, and from that on, as she made each point, she emphasized it by indicating another finger. "You are a Southerner—and so am I, although I am called a gypsy. Before you became a crook you were a gentleman, by birth and breeding. Your career has shown you to be a respecter of women. You're on the level, and your word is good. Now I'm pretty nearly all those things myself, although I am a woman and am, therefore, the feminine aspect of it. Uptown in this city there is a big house filled with servants, awaiting me. There is a big fortune that goes with the house. There is social prominence, and all that the word implies—and all that I have got to do now is to reach out my hand and take it. I can take it and use it, for a time, alone and unaided; but after a time—a month, two months, three at the most—a man will have to appear upon the scene. When that man appears, say three months from now, he will have to be a man whom I can accept as my husband; all this is necessary in order to retain what I will take, what I have practically already taken. There isn't any love in this affair; it's purely a business proposition. If you live right, and I live right after it, we can at least respect each other. There is the game. Will you be the man in the case?"

"Who is the other woman?" Nick asked coldly, and without showing the least interest in what Madge had said.

"I'm not ready to spring that upon you yet—not until I have had an answer," she replied.

"Where is that other woman now? Have you done away with her? Is there a blood crime in this affair?"

"Heavens, no!"

"What is it, then?"

"Listen. This is the situation: Suppose I am walking along a street. I see in front of me another

woman whom I can impersonate; circumstances favor it, and make it possible. I step aside long enough to make it possible; then I start forward again; I overtake the woman; I thrust her aside, into oblivion; I step into her place; I walk on in the footsteps she would have taken; I enter her home; I am accepted there as the real thing. There you are. That is the situation in a nutshell. Do you get it? Are you on? Will you do it?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF AN HONEST HEART.

"You'll have to show me," said Nick coolly.

"Show you what?"

"The woman, the game, the house, the whole thing."

"And then——"

"If, after you have shown me the whole plot, and I have seen the woman, and I know exactly her condition, and what you have done to her to get her name and her fortune—if, after all that, when we have talked it over together, you still are intent upon carrying it out—if you still wish it then—I'll consider it." She regarded him smilingly.

"You're a queer chap," she said at last. "I don't know but that I think the more of you for your reluctance. But I'll tell you this: The other woman will be all the better off for what I shall do with her. It is already done, in fact, that part of it. We're a pair of Nature's freaks, that other woman and I. Her grandfather and mine were brothers, so you see we're fourth cousins. Rather far removed, eh? But the freak of it is that we are almost exactly alike, only that she is fifteen years older than I am, and her hair is as white as—as mine is now. I've had it bleached, you see. But there are a lot of things in which you are not at all alive; one of them is that she is very rich; another is that she has been slowly losing her wits for the last eighteen months. Nobody has suspected it, however; she had wit enough left when she came back to this country six months ago to hide it. You see, I had been keeping tabs on her for a long time, and I took a trip abroad and found her where she was taking the waters at a German resort. That was when the scheme took me. I persuaded her to return; I took her to a sanitarium out in Connecticut. She is there now, and nobody suspects it. Nobody knows that she is in this country. To-morrow she will arrive unexpectedly. Her servants have kept her house in readiness. But I will be the one who arrives, not she. The servants will not know the difference. I have arranged for that. She will remain in the sanitarium. She will be no worse off. I'll look out for her, go to see her, care for her, give her everything that she wants. Where's the harm? She is demented. I'm not. I handle her fortune for her. There you are."

"Where does the man come into it? Why is he a necessary part of your plan?"

"Right here. When she went abroad almost two

years ago to take the waters she married. The man she married got himself killed in a railway accident between Paris and Marseilles while I was over there last winter. She doesn't know that he is dead. Her acquaintances here all know that she married him, but he has never been in this country and never met any of her friends. It is not known to any of them that her husband is dead. In stepping into her shoes I don't want too many changes to be necessary; they would attract too much attention. Then again—maybe you'll laugh at this—I'm too honest to put myself in a position where I might ultimately want to marry some other man, to whom I could not tell all the truth about this game."

"I see. The sentiment, perhaps, does you credit. But why wait a month, or two, or even three, as you have suggested?" Nick asked.

"That is for my own protection. I'd want to watch you and see that you made good before I let you into the whole thing. You'd have to give up the ways of a crook, and become again what you were born to—a man and a gentleman."

"How would you explain my temporary absence during those months?"

"Traveling in Egypt, or Afghanistan, or Timbaktu, or something of the sort."

"At what sanitarium is this cousin of yours staying in Connecticut?"

"At Doctor Sliven's. You've heard of it."

"Yes. What are your plans for the balance of the night and for to-morrow?"

"You want the whole thing, don't you?"

"Yes; if I go into it at all."

"It is sufficient that I shall appear at the house at two o'clock to-morrow—no, to-day—in the afternoon, to be welcomed home."

"Where does Branders come into this affair? How much of it does he know?"

"Not a thing."

"But he suspects, and later on he will see you, and recognize you."

"If he does, it will be your job to take care of him; or I could drop a tip or two to Nick Carter that would send Branders up the river."

"What about the fellow you call Donatello? You have given away part of this to him, haven't you?"

"Not enough to make him dangerous, even if he should be inclined that way, and I do not believe he would be, even if he knew."

"It's a big scheme, Madge."

"Yes."

"I'll decide about it to-morrow afternoon shortly after two o'clock. That is, we will call it to-morrow, although it is really to-day, for it is now after three o'clock. Tell me the name of your cousin, and the address of the house, and I will go there about the time that you are due to arrive. I'll wear this disguise, which would be discarded, of course, later on, if we decide to carry out all of your plan. How does that suit you?"

"I suppose it has got to suit me," she said.

"Yes. Give me the address. Then I will take you down the stairs to the street."

She gave him the address, not without reluctance, then left the chair upon which she had seated herself during the conversation, and walked toward the door.

"One more question—or several of them, Madge," said the detective, then.

"Well?"

"Is the case of this cousin of yours a hopeless one?"

"If it is not I would not steal her fortune and her name, Spider," she replied, with spirit.

"Suppose at the sanitarium where he is staying, and where you propose to keep her, she should recover? Suppose she should regain her health and her mental poise, and remember? Suppose that after six months, or a year, or longer, she should be brought to a realization of her situation? What then?"

"I don't know. I cannot anticipate such a thing. There isn't any idea that it will turn out so. I have not thought of it."

"Then think of it now."

"Why?"

"Suppose experts were called in, and it should be found that she can be saved——"

"What's the use of crossing bridges till we get to them?" she interrupted, but Nick continued as if she had not spoken:

"Would you be willing to relinquish the property to her again?"

"I couldn't. I'd have to stick to it, wouldn't I? You'd be in it with me. We'd have to keep her there. Still, maybe I'd feel like doing it and trusting to her generosity. I could always return to the old life; so could you, for that matter. There would still be cribs to crack, and gullible fools to deceive, wouldn't there? And we'd have had our fling all the same. But there isn't any chance of such a thing happening."

Nick Carter opened the door for her, and assisted her down the steps.

"You haven't told me your cousin's married name," he said, as they descended the stairs, "or the name by which she is known at the sanitarium, or the name by which I must be known in the fruition of your plan."

"She is at the sanitarium in my name—Madeline Burleigh. You will be Rodney Chesterton."

When he bade her good-by at the iron shutters of the building by which they had made their way into the building, he said:

"I will be at the address you gave me at two, or near that time, in the afternoon. You must be satisfied with that much for the present."

Back again in The Spider's Parlor, in the cupola, a few moments later, he said to Muggins, who had crawled out of his hiding place beneath the floor:

"You heard it all, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of it, Muggins?"

"It makes my mouth water, and that's the truth."

"Would you go into it if the opportunity was yours instead of mine?"

"I'd like to—but I wouldn't. I'm going to live straight. That goes."

The detective was pretty certain that Patsy, being done with the character of Donatello, had gone home after he parted with Branders; and so, a few moments after this conversation with Muggins, the detective took his departure from The Spider's Parlor, and also went home.

It was after four o'clock in the morning when he arrived there, but he did not go to bed; instead he summoned Danny over the telephone and directed him to have the big limousine car at the door as speedily as possible, and he started before six o'clock for the sanitarium of Doctor Sliven, taking Patsy and Chick with him, and stopping at an address in the city long enough to engage as another passenger, one of the most noted alienists of the medical fraternity of New York.

A little after one that same afternoon his car drew up before the door of the house, the address of which Madge had given to him, and he assisted a veiled woman to alight from it. A telephone message to the house somewhat earlier had prepared the servants for their arrival, and now they all went inside. Nick, Chick, Patsy, the celebrated alienist, and the veiled woman.

At a quarter past two another car stopped before the door, and from a convenient window Nick Carter saw Madge alight and ascend the steps to the house.

When she entered it, as she did like the person who owned it, the footman at the door informed her at once that a gentleman awaited her in the library; and she entered it, with her head held high, and with a conscious smile of triumph upon her lips.

But she stopped short just inside the room, and stared.

The man who confronted her was not the Spider, but Nick Carter, and she recognized him instantly.

She halted in amazed wonder, but her quick wit told her instantly how she had been deceived. She smiled a little bit wanly, then she said:

"Well, it's all up with me now, I suppose, Mr. Carter?"

"No, Madge," Nick replied. "It has only just begun. Sit down a moment while I tell you something."

"Well?" she said, complying.

"Out in the dining room, seated around the table, are several persons who will interest you. One of them is my assistant, Mr. Garvan, or Patsy, whom you have lately known as Donatello; another is your cousin, whom I have brought here from the sanitarium; still another one is Doctor Blank, the celebrated alienist; the remaining one is Chick Carter."

"Don't interrupt me. The doctor informs me that there is great hope that your cousin can be entirely restored to health and mental poise; he promises to ac-

comply with it—with your help; but you must consent to remain here with her, and to care for her.

"One thing more, Madge: The Spider is still in prison, and has not been out of it. Branders has been arrested this morning on an old charge, and he will go to prison for it. He is thoroughly a bad man, much worse in fact than ever the Spider himself could have been; and now, Madge, the right way is the easiest way, after all. Patsy has sought through all of this affair to save you from yourself; that has been his only incentive, and I ask you now in his name and in my own and in the name of your poor cousin, who is not aware of what has been going on, to become Madeline Burleigh again; to take what is yours to do with, and that is the power to do right and to live right.

"We'll all boost if you will do this, Madge; and there is my hand upon it, and my respect and esteem go with it. What is the answer?"

Slowly she crossed the room toward him, holding out both her hands.

"Thank God!" she murmured, her eyes swimming with tears. "And how can I ever thank you? Don't speak. Wait a moment. Thank you. Now, take me to the dining room."

Half an hour later, Nick Carter, with his two assistants and the doctor, left the house and were driven away in the car; but back there in the library two women were clasped in each other's arms, and Madge was murmuring into her cousin's ear:

"It is not I who have saved you, dear; it is you who have saved me."

THE END.

"Nick Carter's Quick Guess; or, Ida Jones and the Jewel Thieves," will be found in the next issue of this weekly. It is a rattling good detective story. Nick Carter finds himself opposed to a well-organized gang of jewel thieves. There is a mysterious shooting, which puzzles the whole New York police force, but it does not puzzle Nick long. You will find Ida Jones playing an interesting and important part in this story. It is No. 22, and will be out February 8th.

A VISIT FROM A LYNX.

A short time ago a lynx of immense size made an uninvited visit to Bill Neff's cabin, near Silverton, Colorado, on the Emerald River, and his sojourn was quite lengthy—in fact, Mr. Lynx is there yet. The animal was attracted by some meat that was hanging outside the door of the cabin. There was no lock or bolt to secure the opening, and while it was climbing up to reach the meat, the door swung open and allowed the lynx to flounder in, where he proved a genuine surprise party to Bill, who was whiling away the hours by reading tiger stories.

It was hard to tell which was the most surprised, the lynx or the man, but the former evidently thought Bill meant business when it saw him reach for the ax, and at once made a spring. For several minutes they fought at close quarters, and at last Bill broke away from the

beast and climbed up on the sleeping bunk, where he could get elbowroom to swing his weapon. On came the lynx, but missed his footing. This was Bill's time. As the animal made another spring for the bunk, the ax was swung aloft and the pole was brought down on the skull of the animal with the usual "dull, sickening thud." The lynx dropped in a heap, and Bill came down from his perch to find that his blow had smashed the skull. The animal was stone dead. Neff's clothes were torn in tatters, and he says the lynx weighed 150 pounds.

UNDER SEAL; Or, THE HAND OF THE GUILTY.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW

CHAPTER X.

DESPERATION'S DIRE RESORT.

They met on the Dartmouth Street bridge a half hour later. Annie Malcolm carried only a single piece of luggage, the same she had brought from New York that very morning.

George Dean was now in a topcoat, with the collar turned high about his ears, while a soft felt hat was drawn low over his heavy dark brows. But little more than half of his villainous face was exposed.

"It will be safer if we don't walk to the station in company, Annie," he said, the moment she approached him, for he had been the first to reach the rendezvous.

"Why so?" Annie Malcolm asked, in surprise.

"Because we may be seen," Dean replied, with some asperity. "Don't you understand that we are in a deucedly desperate situation? Do you imagine I am sending you out to Chicago merely for the amusement of the thing?"

"But I am not known to the police!" exclaimed the girl.

"You are likely to be, if you are not," retorted the scoundrel, with a bitter laugh. "You do what I tell you! In that lies your only hope."

"Say it, then!"

"Give me your luggage. I will carry it for you, and go on ahead. Follow me at little distance, and don't lose sight of me if we get into a crowd. You must surely hit the midnight train."

"It is not near midnight yet; but I will not miss you. Go on!"

"Wait a bit," Dean paused to add. "I shall not go straight to the station, because it is too early, and we must not be seen hanging about there. You follow me until you see me stop, then come and join me again. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I tell you I will not miss you. Go on ahead!"

Annie Malcolm was trembling violently, but she was yielding blindly to the apprehensions this man had aroused, and that far greater fear of prison cell than of him. She gave him the small portmanteau she had packed for her flight, and waited till he was some twenty feet away, then obediently followed him.

Sheridan Keene still followed the girl.

He could have arrested them then and there, but he

was now actuated by another motive. He wished to discover if he had read George Dean aright. He wanted to know of just how vicious a crime this fellow was capable, under such desperate circumstances. He had resolved to send him to prison with a long and deserved sentence should he secure sufficient evidence of his vicious nature to promote that desirable end.

Still, with his face partly concealed, and his head bowed to avoid the possibility of recognition of passers-by, George Dean led the way in the direction of the Southern Union station. He walked moderately, that Annie Malcolm might have no difficulty in keeping him in view and following him; and he took those streets in which the gloom was deepest, and a meeting with pedestrians least liable.

He did not go direct to the station. He turned down Atlantic Avenue, and crossed to that side adjoining the water front, maintaining his moderate pace until he arrived at an opening between two gloomy buildings. A glance through the obscure passageway revealed the very locality for which he had been seeking. The passage gave egress to one of the short piers in that locality, with the waters of the harbor lapping the piles beneath.

Dean halted at the corner of one of these buildings and drew into the shadow of the wall, out of the range of the rays of the electric lights on the avenue.

In obedience to his earlier instructions, Annie Malcolm now approached and rejoined him.

"Why have you come down here so far, George Dean?" she asked, in rather timid tones.

"To avoid observation," he replied, drawing her also into the shadow of the building.

"But there are not many people along here," she protested.

"One person is enough, so be it we are seen together and either of us is recognized," replied Dean, in tones which now were much more gentle and composed.

"I suppose that is true," the girl admitted.

"It is not yet time for the train, not for two hours," Dean further explained. "It won't do for us to be seen standing about, so I kept walking till I found a spot where we can talk unobserved."

"Why did you start so early, then?"

"For fear an officer might have called at the Appleton Street house, of course."

"I had forgotten that," said Annie, confused by the very nature of the experience she was undergoing.

"You'd forget that you are on earth if I didn't tell you of it," Dean dryly rejoined, with a short laugh. "I will go to the station and get your ticket for you by and by. I will buy you a sleeper through to Chicago, and you can travel in style. Nobody will ever suspect you."

"God forbid! I should wilt like a rag."

Dean now had no doubt of that, despite that he at first had some faith in the girl's nerve and reliability. But he did not express his belief nor betray any feeling. He felt he now knew a surer method of preventing Annie Malcolm from betraying him, and, with gentle persuasion and less display of anxiety, he now was paving the way to accomplish it.

"I also wish to give you the money—the one thousand dollars," he continued, fingering his pocket. "But we must get off the street. It will not do to be seen. Let's slip through the passage here and sit down on one of the boxes on the wharf."

"Oh! but it's dark down there!" the girl apprehensively exclaimed.

"Darkness will not harm you, however, as much as discovery and arrest," returned Dean. "Come! come! No one will see us down there."

"I am afraid!"

"Folly! Besides, I wish to tell you what to do when you arrive in Chicago, and where to go. We cannot talk here. An officer may walk by at any moment. There is no one out yonder, and we shall not be seen."

Though the girl was trembling, it was with fear of the darkness and the lonely locality, not fear of the man. That he would do her bodily harm; that he would take her life, even, in a desperate attempt to hide his own downfall and disgrace, did not once enter Annie Malcolm's head. Dean took up the portmanteau he briefly had set down, and the girl suffered him to take her arm and lead her down between the buildings.

"Don't shiver so," he said gently.

"I can't help it."

"Nonsense! There is no danger of discovery here."

"Well, I am afraid,"

"Of what, indeed?"

"I don't know—yet I am afraid!"

It was that fear which instinctively comes to one who so is threatened, yet who does not suspect so heinous a crime, so frightful a fate.

"Nonsense!" Dean again repeated, not unkindly. "See, it is lighter out here on the pier, and the place is deserted. We can talk out here to our hearts' content and not be seen or heard. When you arrive in Chicago—"

"Don't go down here any farther, George!"

"Just out to the cases yonder. We can find one on which to sit."

Again the girl yielded.

The place was, indeed, deserted—save by them, and by one crouching figure now hugging the building they had left behind; the figure of a man with coat buttoned tight around him, and with a fire like that of fury scarce suppressed blazing in eyes.

And it was indeed dark and lonely out there. Only the stars lighted the deserted pier. The wind from the harbor swept across it. The dark water ebbd and flowed beneath it, lapping the piles with incessant, mournful sound. Across the calm bay were the lights of other precincts of the city, with the tall masts of the shipping intervening, with the swinging signal lanterns from bow and mainstays.

Still Dean led the girl farther down upon the pier and nearer the cases mentioned. Thrice he glanced furtively in all directions, and thrice he assured himself that they were indeed alone, and that the crime he contemplated could be committed unobserved.

"When you get to Chicago," he repeated, "you must first look up lodgings in some quiet neighborhood and secure a room."

"Of course, I must do that," returned the girl. "I must sleep somewhere."

"But I should advise you to get a room in a quiet locality, where you will not be likely to be much observed."

"I will get it where I like!"

"I am telling you this for your own good," argued Dean, edging nearer the break of the pier. "I am looking out for you as well as for myself, Annie."

"You ought to have done that earlier," retorted the girl. "Don't go so near the edge."

"Pshaw! There is no danger. I——"

"But I will go no farther!" Annie Malcolm exclaimed. "If you have anything you want to say to me, say it here and now!"

"You know I have always meant well by you, Annie," replied Dean, "and I mean well now."

While speaking he set down the portmanteau just behind the girl, and once more cast a swift glance in every direction; but the pile of cases and boxes now hid the figure which had been crouching in the shadow of the building.

Then Dean arose erect, close behind the girl, even while he spoke the lie last recorded. The break of the pier was less than ten feet away.

With features deathly pale under his awful determination, with eyes pale and teeth set, Dean seized the girl from behind, and, with a quick movement, clapped his hand over her mouth and wound one arm around her neck.

Like a flash the awful truth then came home to her—that he meant to choke her, drown her, remove her from his path as he might have disposed of a snake or any other venomous reptile.

Every ounce of strength suddenly left her, only to return as suddenly under the frenzy of her terror, and her fear led to a momentary struggle too terrible to picture.

Except one man alone, no power on earth could have saved the girl that dreadful night.

But a figure came out of the darkness with a bound like that of a leopard. Only a single blow was struck, or, rather, two!—the second when George Dean struck the floor of the pier.

Then the figure bent above him for an instant, and the sharp click of closing manacles sounded on the night air.

It was a mute conflict from the beginning, but now Sheridan Keene jerked Dean to his feet, dazed and bewildered for a moment by the blow he had received.

"So, so, my fine fellow!" the detective cried. "You would have done murder, also, would you? Well, well, we'll see what sort of an ending we can make of you!"

"Good heavens!—it's Sheridan Keene!" gasped Dean, as white as death itself. Then he suddenly stared down like one confused at the handcuffs circling his wrists.

Annie Malcolm had stood mute and powerless to move during the brief episode. Now she sprang nearer, with dilated eyes, and cried, with sudden sobs and tears:

"Oh, oh, Mr. Sheridan!"

"Sheridan Keene, instead," interrupted the detective.

"You have befriended me again. You have saved me from——"

"From one who would have done you much greater harm than the other, my girl," Keene again interposed curtly. "Come! come! You both must go with me. But I will yet save you, my girl, once more—from the fate this miscreant merits and shall surely receive! Come, now, both of you!"

Not once did he loose his hand from the shoulder of George Dean, who stood like a man crushed by the fate befallen him; and as Sheridan Keene led him back through the gloom of the pier, with the weeping girl

following behind, the shrill call of the detective's whistle for the patrol fell with startling abruptness on the soft night air.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Before another hour had passed George Dean and Annie Malcolm were lodged in the Tombs.

From the moment of his arrest Dean went to pieces, and but little questioning was required to evoke a full confession as to how the robbery had been effected and precisely what part Annie Malcolm had had in the crime, nearly all of which had already been so clearly presented as to need no repetition.

Only a small portion of the stolen money had been spent, moreover, and the balance was quickly secured and restored to its owners. The loss they sustained, however, rather served them right, and, perhaps, taught them that it is wiser to pay nominal express charges than to lay themselves liable to artful thefts and the expenses which accrue for the service of professional detectives.

As Sheridan Keene had inferred during his talk with Mrs. Green in her lodging house, the Malcolm girl had in reality been more sinned against than sinning.

Her relations with Dean had been those of girlish friendship only, resulting from an acquaintance formed at times when he lunched at the Orient Café. She had told Dean what she had overheard between Horton and Hague, and the bank clerk, deceiving her as to the magnitude of his contemplated theft, had taken advantage of the curious circumstances, as described.

The robbery having been committed, Dean then had purchased the girl's silence with a generous sum of money, still concealing just what he had done; and Annie Malcolm, with her head turned by the gift, had instantly thrown up her situation, and set out for New York to visit a cousin and to enjoy what she was pleased to term an innocent lark.

George Dean received a sentence of four years for his part in the crime, and is still in the State prison.

But Sheridan Keene was as good as his word, and did what he could to spare Annie Malcolm a similar punishment. Through his own efforts and the kind intercession of Chief Inspector Watts, to whom all the facts strongly appealed, the district attorney was prevailed upon to *nol pros.* the case against the girl, and the court released her upon probation.

That the tearful gratitude with which she acknowledged the kindly interest of Sheridan Keene and the chief inspector was deep and genuine has since been proved by the exemplary conduct of the misguided girl, who now is daily seen again at her table in the Orient Café.

When Hague now sees Detective Keene approaching on the street he crosses to the opposite side. He doesn't like to be "guyed."

THE END.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In antiquity the masses of the people grew up in ignorance. Public education—the education that exists for the masses of the people—began, practically, with John Calvin's rule in Geneva, from which time popular education had steadily gained ground. The free-school system had its beginning in Great Britain about the year

1780, with Robert Raikes and his Sunday-school movement. It was not until 1860, however, that the free public school began to get itself firmly rooted in the British Isles. In this country from the start the idea of universal education was championed by Jefferson and other leaders among us, and the idea has never ceased to be fundamental with us, as absolutely necessary to the prevention of the liberty on which the government is founded.

[Here follows another of the series of cracking good detective stories by Alden F. Bradshaw, which are proving so popular among our readers.]

A LION AMONG WOLVES; Or, SHERIDAN KEENE'S IDENTITY.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

A BOY KIDNAPED.

There was much excitement and an unusual stir in and about headquarters building on Tuesday morning. Before ten o'clock, even, the vast machinery of the police department had been set in active operation. Patrolmen had been called in from their various beats. The city and suburbs had been divided into districts for systematic search, and the entire force of police and detectives had been pressed into service.

The activity in and about headquarters was chiefly that of Superintendent Eldridge and Chief Inspector Watts.

The excitement was almost wholly that of Honorable Calvin E. Barton, the multimillionaire copper magnate, a distinguished social and political figure in Boston society. Before eight o'clock that morning Mr. Barton had entered the headquarters building in person, and startled police and detectives with the report that his only son, a lad of eight years, had been abducted the previous evening.

The evidence of this astounding report, and the details required to promote an immediate and thorough search for the criminals and the stolen boy, were quickly taken and considered by Superintendent Eldridge and the chief inspector; and, as stated above, before ten o'clock that Tuesday morning the entire police force of the city and suburbs was in active search for any evidence which might reveal the hiding place of the daring abductors, or the direction they had possibly taken in flight.

These active measures having with celerity been taken, Chief Inspector Watts immediately requested Mr. Barton to accompany him into his private office.

The distressed and anxious father of the stolen boy had persistently remained at headquarters, that he might feel positively assured that every possible step to effect the recovery of the lad was immediately taken, and no expense spared to that end.

Though his career had been one of pronounced success, Marton was still a man on the sunny side of forty, and a typical American gentleman. He was most generally known for his sterling political sentiments, his generous contributions to charitable and educational institu-

tions, and his lavish expenditures in private life. His residence was one of the finest in the city, and his home, his beautiful wife, and two lovely children, were well known to be his greatest joys.

In this hour of great anxiety, when one of these darlings had been outrageously taken from him, Calvin Barton still bore himself with habitual manliness, and with none of that undignified display which might have characterized a less genuine and comprehensive man.

"I wish to talk with you alone for a few moments," Chief Watts explained, when he invited Barton down to his private office. "All is being done that can be immediately done, Mr. Barton; but you are doubtless aware that the detective service is operated under the surface, and with methods of its own. I wish to question you only briefly."

"I am quite at your disposal, Chief Watts," Barton answered, raising his anxious eyes to the chief inspector's kindly face. "Command me in any way, and spare no expense."

"Come down this way, please."

Chief Watts led him down the side stairs, and thence through the general clerk's office in the bureau of criminal investigation. He paused only for a moment at the clerk's desk, to ask:

"Has Inspector Keene reported this morning concerning the Harrigan matter?"

"No, chief, he has not," was the reply. "I have not seen Keene about here this morning."

"If he comes in, send him into my office at once. I think he is making a round of the pawnshops."

"Perhaps I can locate him, chief, if you think it necessary."

"No, no, it will not matter," said Chief Watts, shaking his head. "Only, if he comes in, send him to me."

But the morning passed, and the chief's interview with Calvin Barton terminated, but Detective Sheridan Keene did not put in an appearance.

"Take a chair, Mr. Barton," said Chief Watts, as he closed the office door. "While the information you have given us relative to your son's absence indicates that he has been kidnaped, yet I desire to fix rather more accurately some of the details, for purposes of my own. I think my object may best be attained by asking you a few questions bearing directly upon what I want to know, and I will have my stenographer take down your answers for later consideration. If the lad is not speedily located and recovered, I will assign some of my detectives on a special line of investigation."

"Indeed, I wish that you would do so," said Barton, taking the chair indicated.

"It shall be done with proper celerity, I assure you," bowed the chief, taking his customary seat at his desk. "Sit here, John, and note Mr. Barton's answers. First give me the street and number of your residence, Mr. Barton."

"Number — Fairfield Street," was the immediate reply.

"How long have you lived there?"

"About four years."

"Now your son's age, please?"

"He will be eight next month."

"And his name?"

"Franklin A. Barton. We call him Linnie, from the last syllable of his given name."

"Now please describe him."

"He is about the usual size of a boy of eight years," said Mr. Barton, in tones that trembled with some emotion while referring so directly to the lost child. "His complexion is light, his eyes blue, his features quite round and healthful, and his hair almost golden and worn quite long. He——"

"That will be sufficient," interposed the chief. "Now state how he was dressed on leaving home last evening."

"He wore what is called a knickerbocker suit, of dark plaid woolen, with a cap to match. He had on black stockings and laced shoes."

"Black or tan?"

"They were black."

"He is not an only child, is he?"

"I have one other, a daughter two years younger."

"Did the boy have any money or jewelry on his person?"

"No money of consequence, chief," replied Mr. Barton. "He wore, however, a small but quite valuable watch and chain, one calculated for the use of a young boy. It has his name engraved inside the case."

"Was this attached to a vest, or to his coat?" asked Chief Watts. "I have seen young boys wearing a chain outside their coat, with their watch in an upper breast pocket."

"That was the case with my son, sir."

"I asked only to learn whether he displayed anything that might have led his abductors to think his parents wealthy, and to have kidnaped him upon impulse, or whether the deed was more probably one deliberately planned and executed. It is not very material, however. The principal thing is to recover the boy. You said, I think, it was about seven o'clock when he left home."

"Within a few minutes, one way or the other," bowed Mr. Barton. "We had just come from dinner, and it was growing dark out of doors. I had a small package which I wished to send to an associate in business, who lives on Commonwealth Avenue, not more than ten minutes' walk from my own residence. As Linnie had expressed a wish to go out a while, I told him he might deliver the package, if he would come immediately home after having done so. He replied that he would, and I let him go."

"To whom was he to carry the package, Mr. Barton?"

"To Mr. Joseph Hilton, the attorney."

"Was the package delivered to Mr. Hilton?"

"Yes, about half past seven. My son evidently loitered somewhat on the way, boylike."

"Did the lad enter Hilton's house?"

"No, he did not. When he did not return at half past eight, I went round to Hilton's to make inquiries. The latter said that Linnie had been there and gone, but he could not tell which direction the boy had taken, for he returned at once to his library after receiving the package and did not notice the child's movements."

"Has the boy been accustomed to remaining out evenings?"

"Not after dark, Chief Watts, nor has he any of the proclivities of a truant. He is always very obedient. Still," added Barton sadly, "I know how easily children may be led away by others, particularly if anything attracts them; and I felt even until midnight that he would safely return. At that hour I decided to send a notice

to the precinct station and ask the help of the police. As you are already informed, their efforts to trace the boy were made in vain."

"Do you know of just what their efforts consisted, Mr. Barton?"

"I am told that they followed up several clews. They also made visits to the several emergency hospitals, in the possibility that some accident had befallen my son. All of his playmates, moreover, have been questioned. It is all of no avail, however," said Mr. Barton, with a sigh.

"How about your servants, Mr. Barton?" asked Chief Watts. "Do you consider them trustworthy?"

"I certainly do," was the reply. "My boy is much beloved by all in the house. I do not believe one of my servants would have conspired to any such outrage."

"Have most of them been long in your employ?"

"All of them, Chief Watts."

"Have you ever seen anything which, now that this abduction has taken place, might lead you to think it had previously been contemplated?"

"Of what nature, Chief Watts? I don't quite understand your question."

"I mean, for example, have you seen any person loitering suspiciously near your house, or a carriage or vehicle of any kind standing in the neighborhood, as if this project was already matured, and the opportunity awaited to execute it?"

"No, sir, nothing of the kind," replied Mr. Barton, shaking his head.

Chief Watts sat silent for several minutes, his brow bent in thought.

"I now am going to ask you a rather more personal question," he at length said, raising his gaze to Barton's grave face. "Is there any circumstance in your family history which might have occasioned a feeling of enmity against you? In other words, do you know of any person, man or woman, who might have done this in a spirit of bitterness, or out of revenge?"

The Honorable Calvin R. Barton hesitated for a moment, and then decided to reply:

"There is, Chief Watts, a rather unsavory bit of history in our family," he said slowly, "and I would much prefer that it should be given no publicity, if it possibly can be avoided."

"It will be given no publicity whatever," Chief Watts gravely rejoined. "I wish only to learn if there is any person who might have stolen your child with the motives suggested."

Then, observing Barton's half-doubtful glance in the direction of the stenographer, the chief quickly added:

"It will not be necessary to take any more notes, John, as those cover the desired ground. Transcribe them for me at once, please."

As the clerk rose and left the room, Barton flashed an appreciative glance at Chief Watts, and said:

"Thanks for your consideration, sir. I will now state the precise facts."

"There was no need of putting them on paper," observed Chief Watts, with a smile.

"The facts are these," said Mr. Barton. "Both of my parents are now deceased. My father was twice married. By his first wife he had one son. He was named David Barton. Two years after David's birth, his mother deserted my father and went West with another man. As a matter of truth plainly stated, Chief Watts,

she was a woman of weak character and dissolute propensities, a fact which my father discovered too late and to his sorrow. He secured a divorce three months after her departure, and never saw her again."

"Do you know if she is still alive, Mr. Barton?"

"I do not. None of our family, except David, perhaps, ever heard from her after she left Boston."

"Where is David Barton, the son?" Chief Watts inquired.

"David, or Dave, as I always called him, remained with my father and grew up at home. But he took his mother's character, not that of his father. Before he was twenty, he was known as a vicious and dissolute fellow. Despite all attempts to reclaim him, he went from bad to worse as he grew older, until his father, who never had forgotten the mother's sin, disowned him entirely and turned him from home. The last I knew of him he was in Portland, Oregon, a rake and a gambler."

"How long ago was that, Mr. Barton?"

"I have not heard from him for ten years."

"Your mother was Mr. Barton's second wife, then?"

"Yes, sir. I was their only child, and inherited the entire estate, my mother dying before my father."

"Then Dave Barton is your stepbrother," Chief Watts thoughtfully observed. "Did you maintain any correspondence with him after he went West?"

"I never heard from him directly from the hour my father disowned him. Dave never liked me. He was naturally envious, and was viciously jealous of the affection our father bestowed upon me. His mother's character was incorporated in him, root and branch, and he knew it, and knew our father felt but little love for him. In a nutshell, that is the whole story, Chief Watts, divested of its dark and disgraceful colors!"

Chief Watts suddenly swung round in his chair, and asked quickly:

"What was the approximate value of the estate left by your father, Mr. Barton?"

"About one hundred thousand dollars."

"Half of which, under ordinary conditions, would have come to your stepbrother, instead of to you?"

"Naturally, sir."

"Let me again see the letter you received this morning."

Mr. Barton hastened to produce from his breast pocket a letter he had received by the first morning mail. A facsimile of the crudely printed scrawl is appended. It was in ink, and evidently had been printed with a view to preventing the establishment of the author's identity by his handwriting, should he subsequently suffer arrest.

"Boston Tues. Nite.

"CALVIN E. BARTON: Your son has been stole. He will be fed an kept all right. We will return him safe for \$50,000—fifty thousand dollars—and no questions asked. Particulars later; don't try to find us for it won't do no good. We mean bizness! No money no boy!

"JIM."

Chief Watts read, with knit brow and frowning eyes, this villainous communication.

"This scoundrel demands, as a ransom for your son, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Barton!" he exclaimed shortly.

"Yes—an outrage! Yet I would rather give——"

"Give nothing!" cried Chief Watts forcibly. "Don't you observe that the amount demanded is precisely half

of your dead father's estate? Barton, it is a hundred to one the abductor of your son is your stepbrother."

Barton rose to his feet in great excitement.

"You are right; you are right, Chief Watts!" he cried. "It is Dave's doings. This abduction is one of his infamous designs. When he turned his face from our father's door, he threatened that he would yet break even with me. I was a fool not to have made as shrewd a deduction as——"

"Hush, hush, compose yourself!"

"But Dave Barton is without heart or soul!" cried Mr. Barton, with eyes burning painfully and his features drawn and white. "He would show no mercy to me or mine, despite our kinship. Had I not better advertise that I will pay the ransom?"

"By no means!" forcibly advised Chief Watts, abruptly rising. "Do nothing at present, Mr. Barton."

"But my son's life is more to me than thrice the sum demanded!" cried Barton, with tearful eyes. "My poor wife is almost distracted, as well as myself."

"I do not think your boy's life is in any immediate danger," Chief Watts earnestly argued. "Be calm yourself, and give your wife all of the encouragement you can. Meantime, leave this matter to me. I will exert every effort to recover the boy alive and well. For a few days, at least, be guided by me."

"Will you keep me constantly informed?"

"Surely," bowed the chief. "Have you a telephone in your house?"

"Yes."

"I will note the number, and advise you of any promising discoveries. Meantime, rigidly avoid one thing."

"You have only to name it."

"Do not disclose to any person, not even to your wife, that a suspicion exists that your stepbrother, Dave Barton, is the criminal guilty of this outrage. If Dave Barton himself knows that he is suspected, the threatening features of the situation will be seriously accentuated. If he does not learn of it——"

The chief, who rarely makes a vain boast, caught back his words; but Barton impatiently demanded:

"If he does not—what then?"

Chief Watts thus besought, ended his speech.

"I will have manacles on his wrists before he is ten days older!" he sternly cried, with his clenched hand raised in forceful emphasis.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BELL OF A LOST SHIP.

In the rooms of the National History Society, in Boylston Street, Boston, is a ship's bell which has an interesting history. About the year 1856 or 1857, a Boston firm sent out an expedition under the charge of Mr. Whipple, the noted submarine diver of the day, fully equipped with armor and divers, to explore the banks of the Gulf of Mexico for submerged articles of value. The expedition returned in due time from a successful trip. Among the many crafts discovered and explored was a British frigate. From this was taken the ship's bell, stamped with the broad arrow; also, from the hull, several sheets of copper stamped with the initials of the dock yard in which the frigate was coppered, and also the year of its application.

A statement of these facts, with a sheet of the cop-

per, were sent to the late George Sumner, who was then in London. He placed them before his friend, the Earl of Clarendon, who was then connected with the British admiralty. On examining the records of the dock yards, it was ascertained that two frigates were coppered the year of the stamp, and were sent on their way to join the fleet about to attack New Orleans at the time of its successful defense by General Jackson. They were never heard of after leaving their moorings. One of these was the frigate discovered by Mr. Whipple. In this accidental way was communicated to the government and friends of the officers and crew intelligence of the fate of the ship. Perhaps a second Whipple may discover the resting place of the United States sloop-of-war *Albany*, which disappeared in the same waters, carrying to the bottom, among other noble souls, Lieutenant John Quincy Adams, grandson of the president of that name. A more accomplished and gallant officer than Lieutenant Adams never trod the quarter-deck. The bell is overhung with a massive canopy of coral, which is considered of great scientific value as showing the growth of the coral in a definite number of years.

THE TRUTH, THE FALSEHOOD, AND THE LIE.

A criminal desperado in a Western border town suddenly appeared before the County Sheriff, and with a cocked revolver pointed full in his face, yelled:

"So you're lookin' for me? I've got the drop on you, and I'm goin' to kill you, here and now!"

"Not with that thing," coolly remarked the sheriff; "it's not cocked."

And as his assailant threw up the barrel to look, the sheriff's bullet pierced his heart.

A raving maniac of gigantic strength escaped from his cell and appeared without warning at the side of one of the managers of the asylum, a small man, who was standing before a large open window on the sixth floor of the building.

"I'll throw you out!" shouted the madman, laughing with horrible glee.

"Wouldn't it be funnier if I were first to go down there and jump up, and you were to stand here and catch me?"

The madman was delighted with the proposal.

"Swear," he exclaimed, "that you'll not deceive me, that you'll go down and jump up!"

"I swear," answered the manager; "you watch and see." And while the maniac watched, the manager secured keepers enough to return and make him their prisoner.

Some time ago a powerful man, just drunk enough to be in an exceedingly vicious and ugly mood, entered an office in this city and demanded to see the proprietor. A gentleman who was present and who knew the proprietor was in, quietly informed the irate and intoxicated Hercules that the gentleman for whom he was looking had just left, and would not return till morning. He thus prevented what he believes would have been a most unpleasant encounter probably for the proprietor, and most certainly for the intruder, who, if he had attempted violence, would have been handled without gloves.

The question is: Was either the sheriff, the manager, or the gentleman guilty of lying? With a supreme contempt for all liars, we answer, no. Were they guilty of falsehood? They were not. Of what, then, were they

guilty? Of nothing. On the contrary, the action of each is to be commended. Each did, from good motives and for good ends, that which, under the circumstances, was the best that could be done.

A lie is a falsehood uttered with malicious motives and for evil ends. A falsehood is that which is uttered with a careless regard for the sacred character of truth, though not with express malice or for evil ends. Truth is indeed sacred, but it should not be made a fetish. Though we most heartily despise all those hypocritical persons who hold it in such reverence that they would not profane it by using it upon vulgar occasions, we also protest against being compelled to utter it to all persons, at all times, and upon all occasions, even though by so doing we injure others as well as ourselves and do no man good.

FREE FROM FLIES.

Bohemia is singularly free from flies. In most of the dining rooms in Prague during the course of a meal perhaps three or four flies appear during the season. In restaurants there are very few flies. There screen doors to keep out flies and other insects are unknown. The buildings are all constructed of brick, stone, or concrete. The docks along the river front are of granite. The pavements and sidewalks are made of granite blocks. There are no wooden sidewalks, stairways, or buildings in the city. Decayed vegetable or animal matter is not openly exposed to flies, and the streets are frequently cleaned during each day. There are no open drains in the city to attract and breed flies. The absence of flies can only be ascribed to the lack of breeding places.

WHERE SILK COMES FROM.

Two-thirds of all the silk used in the world comes from China. Wild silk, the product of a silkworm, upon oak leaves, comes mainly from Shantung and Churia. It is coarse in comparison with white and low silks and is manufactured into the tussahs of commerce. Pongees are also produced from silkworms fed on oak leaves.

Wild silk has recently become more popular owing to the adoption of a new process of bleaching, which allows the material subsequently to be dyed in the most delicate shades of color. Wild silk is said to be the best material for making the "wings" of aeroplanes. Waste silk comprises a variety of byproducts of the industry, obtained mostly from rejected cocoons.

THE TRAINING OF ST. BERNARD DOGS.

The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago, found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only are physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At mealtime the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed head. Not one stirs until the "Amen" is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over, an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Woman Beaten for Mayor in Oregon City.

Women exercised their newly acquired right to vote in six Oregon cities recently. Newport, through the women's vote, remained "dry," but at Tillamook the "wet" ticket was successful. Oregon City's woman candidate for mayor was overwhelmingly defeated. Three other cities held municipal elections, and in every case from 30 to 40 per cent of the voters were women.

Patrick Near Breakdown.

Albert T. Patrick is on the verge of a nervous collapse at the country home of John T. Milliken, his wealthy brother-in-law, who spent more than \$150,000 to obtain a pardon for the New York attorney, who was convicted for the murder of William Marsh Rice, a Texas millionaire. The renewed notoriety since his liberation by Governor Dix on Thanksgiving Day is responsible for his breakdown.

Record Prices for the Best Beef.

The high cost of exceptional beef was demonstrated in Chicago recently when Glencarnock, champion steer of the stock show, was sold on the hoof for 50 cents a pound. As he weighed 1,600 pounds, his price was \$800.

Glencarnock came from Manitoba.

Porterhouse, sirloin, and rib roasts from the champion will cost \$1.50 a pound. The larger part is already sold. Even the round steak will cost 60 cents a pound. A soup bone will cost 50 cents.

Only One Governor Rules Supreme.

Governor Gilchrist, of Florida, is the "real governor" in the Union. He said himself.

"There is any man here who is the governor of his State, whose wife does not rule instead of he," said Mayor Ainslie, of Richmond, in welcoming delegates to the governor's conference recently in session at Richmond, "I call on him to stand up and be counted."

Governor Gilchrist, amid cheers and laughter, arose and was counted—alone. He is unmarried.

Woman Jury Convicts Her.

The first jury of women in Idaho found Mrs. Edward Butts guilty of threatening a man with a revolver, but recommended her to the mercy of the court.

The hearing was adjourned while the jurors prepared the midday meal for their families, and when the evidence was in they reached their verdict in less than an hour.

20,000 Burglaries a Year in New York.

Speaking at the dinner of the Eastern Medical Society at the Hotel Astor, in New York, Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss declared that a recent grand jury investigation conducted by him disclosed that there was an average of 20,000 burglaries committed in New York City each year, not counting grand larcenies, robberies, and other crimes. The city, he declared, was infested with gangs of boys utterly unrestrained by the bluecoated police and un-

touched by the detective department. These boys, he said, taking lessons from those who were making money easily without considering how they made it, drifted from petty to larger crimes and held back finally not even from murder.

"I spoke confidentially to an old police captain some time ago," said Mr. Moss, "and asked him what sort of police commissioner the police themselves would like to have."

"We would like to have a real good citizen," he replied, "who doesn't know that he's alive—a man so honorable, so notoriously honorable, that nobody would suspect him of being able to do anything wrong; and then we other people could do our business unsuspected all we liked. Everybody in New York works his job—even the minister. The money may be dirty, but we fumigate it."

"It is as the result of such conditions," added Mr. Moss, "that we find young boys of certain sections proudly announcing themselves as the 'Young Toughs' or the 'Young Crooks.' That has come to be their ideal."

Sold a Magic Dollar that Came Back.

A magic dollar which has the property of returning to its owner as soon as spent, is, according to the Chicago police, George A. Pupauskys' solution of the high cost of living problem. Pupauskys recently released from prison for defrauding Russian immigrants was in court charged with a new swindle in which he got \$100.

Pupauskys is alleged to have sold his magic dollar at \$10 each. Inasmuch as the coin resembled an old-fashioned copper penny, more than a dollar the swindler's promise that it would return to the owner as soon as spent was invariably made good very promptly, according to complaining witnesses.

Saved \$8,000 on \$22 a Week.

Frank Topinka, former cashier of Frank M. Hadicek's private bank, Chicago, testified in a suit against the banker that he worked for six years in the bank at \$22 a week and saved \$8,000.

"I did it, all right," said Topinka. "The first year I paid \$4 a week for room and board and my other expenses ran it up to about \$20 a month. I paid no car fare and took my lunch with me. After I had saved \$200 I invested it at 12 per cent. I continued to invest and realized until, in the third year, I was receiving \$110 a year interest. I then saved at the rate of \$80 a month. I speculated in low-priced bonds and made money. I moved to better quarters. I invested every \$100 as soon as I saved it. Now I am in the real-estate business."

General Bliss Says Peace Idea Tends to Weaken the Nation.

Brigadier General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., addressing the National Guard Association of the United States, at Norfolk, Va., said certain college presidents, professors, and others, molding the manhood of the rising generation, had taken a stand against

the inoculation of the military spirit in the youth of the nation that had a tendency to rob the country of the power and force it would need for self-preservation. The general said the stand taken to remove the military spirit looking to possible universal peace was wrong. He urged with great force "the keeping alive of the military spirit upon which the honor and existence of our country must surely depend."

General Bliss asserted that while other nations were looking to universal peace, millions in the Eastern nations were keeping alive the spirit of war, and that sooner or later there was bound to come a great conflict between the peoples of the two hemispheres that would demand trained armies with which the United States must maintain national honor and preserve its dominions.

Ghouls Rob Royal Mausoleum.

The thieves who recently entered the crypt of the basilica Superga, near Turin, Italy, the burial place of the royal house of Savoy, and desecrated the tomb of the Dowager Duchess Elizabeth of Genoa, mother of Queen Margherita, broke the triple shell of lead, containing her body, and seized the jewels and precious stones buried with it. They even tore the Duchess' ears in order to obtain her diamond earrings.

The crime was evidently carefully planned. The telephone wires, communicating with Turin, were cut, while the entrances from the basilica to the royal crypt were barred with iron to prevent surprise.

The criminals escaped, leaving no trace.

To Introduce Boxing to Boost Bible Classes.

A. J. Drexel Biddle, the millionaire society leader, of Philadelphia, and one of the best heavyweight boxers in amateur ranks, will spread his famous Bible classes to New York.

It is the intention of "Tony" Biddle, as he is best known, to organize many classes for Bible study in New York just as he has in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Trenton, Wilkes-Barre, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

He proposes to start the work in New York in much the same manner that he made it popular and progressive elsewhere—by appealing to men straight from the shoulder. The term "straight from the shoulder" is used advisedly and is to be taken literally. It is "Tony's own expression."

The movement will have its New York genesis this winter, when Mr. Biddle will give one of his famous society entertainments, consisting of music and boxing. According to his tentative program now under advisement, Mr. Biddle will box three rounds with Charles Dalmores, the French tenor of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. Mr. Dalmores is one of the best boxers outside the pugilistic profession and a great deal better than many inside.

But when Dalmores has faced the Phila-

delphia society man for three rounds, "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, erstwhile aspirant for professional heavyweight honors and Mr. Biddle's sparring partner, will take the match up.

Schoolgirl Inherits \$20,000,000.

Miss Catherine Barker, daughter and sole heir of the late John H. Barker, of the Haskell-Barker Car Company, of Michigan City, by action of the La Porte circuit court, of Indiana, has come into possession of her father's estate, estimated at \$20,000,000, and as a result once more has received many marriage proposals.

The estate includes a large interest in the company, the homestead in Michigan City, and a summer home in Harbor Point, Mich. Until recently, when Miss Barker became of age, the estate has been in the care of a Chicago trust company. The heiress is attending a private school near New York.

Miss Barker is an enthusiast in outdoor sports, and has passed much of her time on the links of the Pottawatomie Country Club. She enjoys cycling, sailing, and swimming, plays bridge, and liked nothing better than a hand at cribbage with her father.

Biggest Man in Civil War Dies.

"The biggest man of the Civil War," as he was called by his neighbors, died recently at Washington, Pa. William P. Bane never wore shoulder straps, although his term of service in the Union army extended from June, 1862, until the close of hostilities, and his title referred only to his height. When he enlisted in Company A, Twenty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, he weighed about three hundred pounds and measured a trifle over seven feet four inches in his stockings. He was "lanky" in build and became known as Big Pat Bane. Writing of him, the Washington (Pa.) *Observer* says: "Circus day was the glad some day for Pat, and no one in all the crowds in town on that day got nearly as much enjoyment out of the occasion as did the Greene County giant when groups of children and their elders, too, gathered about him to gaze up into his face and ask him strange questions of how it felt to be a giant. It was the same way at the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, when Pat usually led the parade."

The Baby of the New Congress.

Lathrop Brown, of St. James, L. I., congressman-elect from the First New York Congressional District, now represented by Martin W. Littleton, will probably be the youngest and therefore the "baby" member of the House of Representatives in the Sixty-third Congress, which meets March 4.

Clyde H. Tavenner, another newly elected member, from Cordova, Ill., had been cherishing the illusion that he would be the "baby." He is now 30 years old and will be 31 on February 4. Recently he met Mr. Brown and discovered, much to his disappointment, that Mr. Brown would not be 30 until February 26.

Democrats Had Biggest Campaign Fund.

With the receipt by the clerk of the House of Representatives of the statement of campaign contributions and expenditures of the Progressive party, filed as required by the campaign publicity law, the total contributions of the Democratic, Re-

publican, and Progressive parties are shown to be \$2,912,510.57, distributed as follows: Democratic, \$1,159,446; Republican, \$1,076,391; Progressive, \$676,672.

The expenditures of the three committees were \$2,877,610; Democratic, \$1,134,848; Republican, \$1,071,548; Progressive, \$671,214.

The Democratic national committee had the largest fund, and has the greatest amount left. The Democratic balance is \$24,598, the Republican \$4,842, and the Progressive balance is given as \$5,458.

The statement filed shows that the Bull Moose committee received contributions aggregating \$304,116 up to October 17, \$93,974 between October 18 and October 24, and \$278,581 between October 24 and October 30, during the closing days of the campaign.

Returns to French Farmers Small.

The steady decline of population has long been a subject of serious concern to French statesmen. But another and more alarming discovery has been made. The French peasant is losing his reputation as a wealth producer. The vast accumulation of reserve capital in France, and the general prosperity of the country are due in no small degree to the existence of an industrious and thrifty peasantry. The peasant is the backbone of the republic. And yet all is not well with agriculture in France. The subject has been thoroughly ventilated in the Paris press. It will surprise most people to know that the net returns to the French farmer are lower than those of most countries in Europe. Denmark, only a fourth the size, exports four times more agricultural produce than France. Germany and Belgium, although mainly industrial countries, have a relatively greater agricultural export than France, which is primarily an agricultural nation. The return per acre to land under crops in France is lower than in Denmark, Belgium, England, or Germany in the order of production. France shows increasing imports of eggs and butter, although twelve years ago France exported more eggs than Denmark.

Says Electricity Adds Weight to the Body.

That an electric current of 1,000 volts is equal in food value to a porterhouse steak with potato chips is the opinion of Professor Bergonie, a Bordeaux scientist. Professor Bergonie announced his theory early in the fall. Since then he has been carrying out experiments which fully bear out the theory that food can be replaced by electricity.

In a communication to the Academy of Science Professor Bergonie says that diathermy, the method of applying a current of low tension and high frequency, may partly supplant food by furnishing the body with a great quantity of heat and saving the digestive organs from overwork. This current traverses the body without provoking the least pain, and, given with an intensity of from two to three amperes and at a voltage of from 1,000 to 2,500 furnishes about 1,000 calories an hour—more than one-third of the heat supplied by one's daily food.

A man of average height, but unusually light in weight, was treated by Professor Bergonie. He used to eat a good deal of meat, but had hardly strength to walk, and always felt very cold. The professor gave the patient a course of diathermy, and after a series of electric applications lasting forty

minutes each, during which time he absorbed 1,700 calories, his weight increased considerably. Now he eats less, and has more energy.

Professor Bergonie foresees the time when all troubles arising from insufficient food will disappear by a reasonable application of the high frequency current discovered by Professor Darsonal.

Rockefeller's Grandson Taking Pitching Lessons.

Fowler McCormick, fifteen years old, son of Harold F. McCormick, and grandson of John D. Rockefeller, took up a course in baseball pitching recently under the tutelage of Mordecai Brown, formerly star pitcher of the Chicago National League Club. The boy, who some day probably will rank with the world's wealthiest men, is being trained for pitching in Princeton University. His father is a graduate of Princeton, and it is his ambition to watch his son strike out the batsmen of Yale and Harvard, for Fowler McCormick is to enter the university as soon as he is prepared.

Brown will give his pupil two lessons each week, and when spring comes Fowler will try for a pitching berth on the team of the preparatory school he now attends.

Says He Can Separate Blood of Races.

Discoveries that may be of importance in criminology concerning the blood corpuscles of different races are about to be announced by Doctor A. L. Bennett, Japanese consul of Denver, Colo., who has made exhaustive experiments in this direction, and who says he can tell whether a drop of dried blood comes from the body of an Oriental, a negro, or a white man.

Doctor Bennett is recognized in the West as an authority on the differences between the blood cells of human beings and those of animals, and his findings have frequently been used in murder trials.

It was the case of Gynko Mitsunaga, Japanese accused of the murder of Katherine Wilson, at Denver, two ago, that determined Doctor Bennett to pursue his investigations of the blood corpuscles of different races.

Doctor Bennett took pieces of flesh from his own face to experiment with, until his features became so marked that his friends supposed that he was suffering from some malady.

Indian Fighter Mistook Pig for Rabbit.

George Carr, of Linoleumville, S. I., a former scout and Indian fighter, who is looked upon all over Staten Island as a survivor of the days of Custer and Kit Carson, took his friend, Stephen J. Worth, of Traversville, out rabbit hunting recently.

Presently, scouting across the farm of Andrew Havrilla the keen eye of the old plainsman spied a rabbit dodging under a worm fence.

"Leave him to me, Steve," said Carr. "Needs somebody that knows how to shoot to land the varmint."

"Bang!" went the trusty rifle of the old scout.

"Wee, wee-ee!" said something in the bushes.

Then out of the bushes burst Havrilla. Behind him he was dragging by one leg the still palpitating corpse of as fine a Berkshire shoat as ever was raised on Staten Island.

There was no time for retreat. Carr

stood manfully forth, proclaiming his identity. "Indian fighter, be you? Well, you'll come across with \$10 for the shoat, or you'll have a chance to tell your exploits to the nearest policeman." And the hardy plainsman meekly "came across."

Harvard Students Earn Money as Waiters.

Harvard men are good waiters. This is demonstrated in the publication of the report of the Harvard employment bureau, which states that the position of waiter is the most popular among the university men who work their way through college, and that nearly \$10,000 was earned in this way during the past year.

In all, 559 men secured work through the bureau during term time, clearing, through their labors, \$56,773.01, in addition to \$23,769.66 earned during the summer months. The students outside of the bureau employment reported to the authorities earnings of \$27,169.29. The grand total of these earnings is \$107,711.96, a small falling off from the previous year.

Tutoring brought the best individual returns to the sixteen men engaged in it, while 108 students did the table work.

Dairyman Gored by Bull He Attacked to Revenge Comrade's Death.

Joseph Rudolph, employee of a dairy at Los Angeles, Cal., died recently from wounds inflicted by a bull with which he had deliberately engaged in battle.

Some time ago the bull killed a fellow employee, and Rudolph, determining to avenge his comrade's death, entered the inclosure where the animal was confined armed with a revolver, knife, and club. Before he could use any of his weapons the bull charged and gored him so badly that he died.

Heir to Russian Throne May be a Cripple.

The czarvitch, says a newspaper correspondent, is still bedridden at Tsarskoe.

A doctor is in continual attendance. Apparatus for the support of the left arm and leg is being made for the journey to Gagry, on the Black Sea coast, on the doctors insist.

It is not yet certain whether the heir to all the Russias will ever recover the use of his left leg.

Suffragettes Threaten to Blow Up the House of Commons.

The militant suffragettes, of England, decided at a recent meeting to resort to the use of explosives in the event of the government refusing to incorporate woman suffrage in the forthcoming franchise bill. Such, at least, is the statement issued by a news agency.

Volunteers are to be called for to use bombs both inside and outside the House of Commons.

Wild Horses in Colorado.

James and Jess McCarthy, who are mining a copper claim above timber line on Mount Blanca, Colo., report a herd of wild horses running loose on the sand dunes of the Uncompagre range of mountains, southwest of Mount Blanca and Mosca Pass.

The McCarthys declare the hoofs of these horses have spread out to accommodate the peculiar formation of the grounds over which they run until they have attained the circumference of dinner plates. Many other prospectors to the mountains have

seen the horses, and a peculiar story is related concerning their presence on the dunes, which are very rare in vegetation.

It has been told, on good authority, that many years ago a party of government surveyors was sent to determine the scope and character of these dunes, and after many months a searching party was sent after the men. The only trace of their presence was a surveyor's instrument, which stood like a lonely sentinel in the sands.

Huge Cost of New York City Election.

Based on the calculations of actual expenses in New York City for the last election, the entire cost to the country was at least \$27,000,000, without putting in the cost of campaigns. Just for the voting in New York the total expense was \$1,202,175, or a trifle more than \$1.80 for each voter. For advertising the location of polling places in newspapers the charge was \$293,000.

Bowdoin Seeks Instructors Out of State Maine for First Time.

For the first time in its 118 years of existence, Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., went outside the United States this past fall for instructors, and the choice fell on two graduates of the University of Toronto. One, Professor Bell, is to be head of the department of history and political science, and the other, Professor Brown, is to be head of the department of psychology.

Former Ambassador Hill on the Average American.

David Jayne Hill, formerly American ambassador to Germany, spoke in Paris, France, recently, on the politics of France and of the United States, to the Franco-American committee, in the Theater Michel. Mr. Hill closed by sketching the average American, saying:

"If you wish to judge rightly of what the United States, when it comes to deliberate action, will do, you will perhaps be interested in the portrait of the average American citizen.

"He is a man who is neither rich nor poor. He is a substantial and industrious member of society, with enough property to be interested in public policies concerning it. He has usually acquired what he possesses by industry and economy. He has no very exalted opinion of those who are idle or extravagant. His experience has convinced him of the reality of a moral order, and of the substantial goodness at the heart of the universe. He is often openly and practically religious.

"He has a large fund of self-reliance; and, if defeated in his efforts or disappointed in his hopes to-day, he expects to succeed to-morrow.

"In expressing himself he goes straight to the point, speaks with emphasis, even with exaggeration. He does, however, mean exactly what he says when he 'talks business.' It is by character more than by intellectual endowments that he measures men; and it is by the qualities of character which they would promote and stamp upon the history of the nation that he estimates, approves, or repudiates the policies which statesmen have to propose."

Says Carnegie is Not Generous.

Despite the fact that the Carnegie Foundation has just given Wesleyan University \$100,000 with which to complete its \$1,000,-

000 endowment fund, in the opinion of Professor Willard C. Fisher, head of the economics department of the college, the great ironmaster is not generous. Professor Fisher made this statement while talking before the Meriden Scientific Association on the topic, "The Spirit of Social Reform." Among other things he said:

"Generosity comes when the giver really feels the giving. It has been claimed that Carnegie's fortune amounted to \$150,000,000, and if this is so his latest gift of \$50,000,000 cannot be called generosity. Mr. Carnegie has stated that he would never die rich, and that he would reduce his fortune to \$20,000,000. This likewise is not true generosity, and even if he should go further and reduce his wealth to \$1,000,000 only, and considered himself poor, I would not say he had been generous."

Professor Fisher is one of the most prominent members of the Wesleyan faculty and has twice served as mayor of the city. He came to Wesleyan in 1890, taking the chair in political science which had just then been vacated by Woodrow Wilson.

Operators of New Shorthand Machine Leave Stenographers Far Behind.

A competition was held recently in Miller's Business School, at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, that should be of interest to thousands of stenographers and students of shorthand, of whom there have been graduated from business schools throughout the country an average of 300,000 a year. When the competition was concluded it was confidently predicted that the day of the shorthand writer was doomed to give way to that of "shorthand typewriters," with stenographers supplanted, as they were most decisively in the test, by a simple little stenographic typewriting machine that weighs only 8 pounds, can be carried about as easily as a lunch box, and can record speech in plain and unmistakable typewritten letters of the alphabet at the rate of 592 words a minute—and upward.

Invents New Ocean-going Hydroplane.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, who is now at his winter home at Washington, announces a remarkable hydroplane invention that is likely to have a wide and important significance. The credit of the invention, he states, goes to Fred Baldwin, who has charge of the Bell laboratory.

"We have evolved what we call a hydro-dome," said Professor Bell. "I believe it will have a revolutionary effect on methods of water propulsion. The boat is driven by an aerial propeller, and rises only about one foot and a half above the water. It is supported by hydro surfaces like knife blades arranged in three ladderlike forms under the keel of the vessel. These hydro surfaces differ from the known hydro surfaces in the fact that they are not flat.

"Driven by a 70 horse-power engine, this boat has attained the speed of fifty miles an hour, while ordinary hydroplanes, with engines many times as powerful, can only travel, at their highest speed, at about thirty-five miles an hour. The boat weighs 1,300 pounds and carries two men. When it gets under way the boat rises out of the water, and, supported by the knifelike planes dipping into the sea, travels easily and swiftly.

"This new boat of ours operates just as well in rough weather as in good. There

is no motion and no spray. It is easy to imagine what changes will take place if this invention proves applicable to ocean travel.

"We will be crossing the Atlantic in record time. The hydrodome is christened *Jonah*, and it has a remarkable future before it."

To Make Smaller Paper Currency.

With the end of the preparations for revolutionary changes in the design and size of American currency almost in sight, Secretary MacVeagh, of the treasury department, expects to give the order for printing the new notes to Director Ralph, of the bureau of engraving and printing, about February 15—almost at the end of his administration. It will require eighteen months to accomplish the change.

Secretary MacVeagh advanced to the final stage of preparation when he engaged Kenyon Cox, an artist, of New York, to design the back of the notes, which will be the same for all denominations of all classes of notes—United States notes, coin certificates, and national bank notes. By adopting only one design for the back of the notes, Mr. MacVeagh believes that feature of the currency can be given over to art, permitting changes and improvements to be made easily.

Mr. Cox submitted to the secretary the general features of the design he contemplated, and they were approved tentatively. The design is symbolic of progress and peace, showing the development of the nation in the lines of labor and commerce. The new currency will be two-thirds the size of that now in circulation, its dimensions being 6 by 2½ inches.

Pawned His Alligators.

Three alligators that had been pawned in New York found their way into the zoo in Central Park recently. Bill Snyder, head keeper, told the story of their arrival. It began, he said, when a man walked into a pawnshop near Times Square soon after the shop opened for business. He was lugging the three alligators, and, explaining that he was broke, said he wanted to pawn them.

Snyder got into the story when the clerk called him up to ask what price three small alligators would bring in the open reptile market. The keeper suggested that \$30 might be a fair price for them.

The pawnbroker was willing to take the risk and the owner of the reptiles pledged them for \$15. Afterward the pawnbroker regretted his philanthropy, and that is the way the "security" for the loan got to Central Park.

The alligators gave the pawnbroker so much trouble that he did not have time to attend to regular business. In despair he called up Central Park and asked Snyder to take the alligators. He reported that the three were moving about so fast that he could not follow them.

Snyder consented to accept the responsibility and Bob Hurton, his assistant, was detailed to visit the pawnshop and conduct the alligators to the zoo.

"I am willing to wager that this is the first time an alligator has been pawned in New York," said Snyder.

Decides that St. Louis is the Model City.

St. Louis was named as the model city and Wisconsin as the model State, as examples of effective results in church federation work by speakers at the conference of

the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, recently in session in Chicago.

In St. Louis all denominations agreed to federate their interests when the proposition was advanced to raise funds to advance the church-forward movement. Thus the overlapping of territory was avoided, the united campaign netting \$1,000,000 for the work.

The abolishment of prize fighting, Sunday baseball, and objectionable dance halls, and the cooperation with juvenile protective associations, were subjects discussed by the delegates.

Find Gold Deposits at Panama.

Rich alluvial deposits of gold have been discovered near Empire, Panama. They are believed to be an old Spanish mine.

Rich quartz has also been found on a plantation which is the property of Colonel B. B. Duncan, but within the Canal Zone. It will be bought by the United States when the claims commission meets soon.

Enforce Wireless Law.

Captain John Hall, of the transatlantic steamship *Numidian*, was arrested at Boston, Mass., recently, charged with violating a recent act of Congress regarding wireless equipment on passenger-carrying steamers.

The government alleges that the *Numidian* did not have an auxiliary equipment sufficient to send a message 100 miles when the steamer sailed from Boston.

*Luxury for These College Boys.

A traveling restaurant by which Cornell students sitting in their rooms at night may order a luncheon over the telephone and have it brought to them, hot, is the latest scheme devised by youths who are working their way through college.

S. B. Jacobson and Victor Stern, of Brooklyn, are the promoters of the scheme, and eight others do the waiting. The idea has made a hit.

Attempted Kiss Brings Broken Bones.

A bashful boy, who refused to be kissed at a New Bridge barn dance, near Hackensack, N. J., was indirectly responsible for a serious accident to Mrs. Winfield Ackerman, who is a patient at the Hackensack Hospital, suffering from a broken arm, two broken ribs, and painful bruises on the limbs and body.

The fourteen-year-old boy, who shyly declared he had never been kissed, was chased by Mrs. Ackerman. He darted upstairs to the new barn loft, where he was finally cornered. As he struggled to be free, Mrs. Ackerman backed up against the double door. The temporary catch gave way and she and the boy fell a distance of 25 feet.

Four Billion Dollars in 1912 Trade.

Attainment of a four-billion-dollars' foreign trade by the United States in 1912 is one of the most noteworthy facts for historians to record of the American nation at the beginning of the new year.

Its highest former record was \$3,626,000,000 in 1911. It crossed the three-billion-dollar line for the first time in 1906, and passed two billion in 1899.

Imports in the 10 months ending with October, amounted to \$1,511,000,000 and exports to \$1,871,000,000, making it appar-

ent that the imports of the full year will approximate \$1,800,000,000 and the exports \$2,300,000,000, totaling \$4,100,000,000.

Imports have practically doubled in value since 1901, and exports have practically doubled since 1904. The exports of domestic products, which had never touched the \$2,000,000,000 mark until 1911.

The Atlantic ports get the lion's share of the increase in imports, but the northern border of Pacific coast ports show the largest percentages of gains in exports.

Thirty Thousand Elk Owned by Uncle Sam.

The elk this winter in Yellowstone National Park now amount to over thirty thousand, according to the report of the acting superintendent, made public by the department of the interior.

"The buffalo in the park," said the acting superintendent, "are in two herds—a wild and a tame one. A special effort was made during July to determine as nearly as possible the exact number of buffaloes in the wild herd. Forty-nine animals, including ten yearling calves were counted. This is the largest number reported for more than ten years, and the number of calves indicates that the herd is thriving beyond expectation."

"At the present time there are 143 animals in the tame herd, 58 males, 61 females, and 24 yearling calves, sex undetermined."

Wilson Favors Holding Inauguration in April.

Perhaps President-elect Wilson has been reading the old-fashioned almanac and has learned that a heavy fog is predicted for Washington, D. C., on March 4 next. Anyway, he has agreed to postpone the formal ceremonies of his inauguration until the last Thursday in April, which falls on the 24th. He will take the oath of office March 4, as is provided in the Constitution.

Mr. Wilson's change of date for the great display of pomp and circumstance surrounding the induction into office of a new president comes as the result of the agitation regarding a change of date for the inauguration which recurs almost every four years. When President Taft was inaugurated four years ago it was only a few hours after a great blizzard had delayed all trains and had so disrupted wire communication that Washington was cut off from the outside world for many hours.

Thomas Jefferson, the third president, was the first executive to run into bad weather for his inaugural. He faced great banks of snow and serious cold. Madison, in his inaugural, and Monroe, at his first induction, had to battle with the elements to the great discomfort of the diplomatic corps.

President Grant, on taking office for the second time experienced a blizzard that was memorable. It delayed all manner of traffic for several days. Hayes, Garfield, and Cleveland suffered almost as severely as did President Grant. Roosevelt had propitious skies.

Boy Dragged to Death by a Cow.

With one end of a rope tied to his wrists and the other end to a runaway cow, Leo Sprout, of Johnstown, Pa., fourteen years old, was dragged over sharp rocks for one-fourth of a mile and so badly injured that he died within a half hour. Becoming frightened at a passing automobile, the cow started suddenly on a dash down a rocky

lane. The boy's attention was attracted to the auto, and he was not prepared for the sudden jerk given by the cow. His clothing and shoes were torn off.

Man of Eighty Gives Health Rules.

Sir George Birdwood, of London, England, who is an officer of the Legion of Honor, laureate of the French Academy, and formerly professor of anatomy and physiology at Bombay, has contributed at the age of eighty his views on how to reach a ripe old age. His maxims are:

Don't think about your health.

Enjoy yourself as much as possible.

Ignore dietary tables.

Eat whenever you feel inclined.

Learn by experience what suits you.

Be happy.

Look on the bright side of things.

Sir George is particularly scornful about the diet on which another contributor to the discussion thrives, namely, two meals of eggs, bread, and butter daily.

"Such a life," he says, "would not be worth living. The great question is not how to live long, but how to live well."

Sir George expresses the conviction that the British race is growing healthier every generation, and that it is the healthiest civilized race in the world.

In a humorous letter to *The Times* Sir George says that his oldest and healthiest acquaintance, one of the sanest and best of men, was a gentleman who drank a bottle of the best cognac every day of his life, and apparently was always better for it.

"As for the prescription of lying abed until Monday I would rather be some monstrous flatfish at the bottom of the Atlantic than accept human life on such terms."

Old Women Play With Dolls in Their Cells.

Women convicts, some 60 years of age, in Tennessee penitentiary play with dolls little children. It has been said that mother instinct never forsakes a woman, and it is about the only thing which does not forsake them when they enter prison walls.

Any day that you visit the Tennessee State penitentiary you may see propped up on the pillows, in the women's cells, their dolls.

Famous Ball Player Had Discouraging Start.

Here's a story about the early baseball career of John McGraw that the "Little Napoleon" does not relate in his monologue spiel which he is now delivering on the circuit.

McGraw made his initial appearance in professional baseball under conditions that were far from encouraging. He was given the first try-out by the Olean Club, of the old New York State League, and was assigned to the third bag. McGraw was then a youngster in his teens. He made his debut April 1, 1890, an ominous date for John, as on that auspicious occasion he proved to be the biggest kind of an April-fool package.

McGraw was so small it was impossible to find a suit to come anywhere near his measure. It seemed to McGraw, as he has told it, as if all the world was in attendance on the day he appeared at Olean. To his eyes it seemed as if he had never before seen so many people. This, of course, was due to the fact that the little third baseman was nervous, and that his mind multiplied the actual number of spectators.

The noise made by the crowd also worried Mac. It sounded to him like the prolonged roaring of a mighty sea.

When the first ball was knocked down to him, he says the noise of the crowd ceased as if by magic, and the ball, which happened to be one of those slow grounders, appeared to McGraw as if it would never reach him. Finally, after what seemed to be an age, he found himself with the ball in his grasp, and he turned to heave it over to first base, at which sack there was a player who was the tallest in the league.

The distance to first now appeared to McGraw to be fully a mile away, and his heart sank within him as he suddenly thought to himself that he could never throw the ball that far. Yet he nerved himself and not only did he get the ball over, but he fired it several feet over the first baseman's head. Every succeeding time the ball was knocked down to McGraw during the rest of the game he managed to throw higher and higher over the head of the man on first.

After the game the manager came up to Mac, and patting him on the head, told him that he was a nice boy, and so on, but as a ball player he was nothing short of a frost. McGraw pulled out of Olean that night and went over to Wellsville, where he finished the season. He did so well that at the end of that year he was the recipient of 18 different offers from managers who were willing to pay high for his services.

Order Civil Service for Navy Yard Workers.

More than 20,000 skilled workers in the navy yards throughout the United States have been placed under the protection of civil service by executive order of President Taft. The president's order was issued with the approval of the civil service commission, and in accordance with an opinion by Attorney General Wickersham.

"There will be less reason and less incentive for the use of political influence by applicants," civil service officials said, "and the classification will have a salutary effect upon the employees, who will feel secure in their positions. It will be noted that the matter of classification has been under advisement continuously for four years. The result is the emancipation from political or personal coercion of the navy yard people."

The order must become effective not later than June 30 next. It affects all navy yard employees except common laborers. The present occupants of positions may be classified upon their efficiency being certified by the various commandants, or by being examined and found qualified by the labor board, and being recommended by the commanding officer under whom employed.

The new regulations, which are now promulgated by executive order, provide for competitive examination, and that district secretaries of the civil service commission shall be members of the various labor boards. They will afford employees classified thereunder the protection of the civil service act, of other statutes relating to the classified service and of the civil service rules.

President Taft's order will have the effect of giving the employees the status they had from 1896 to 1909. The order continues the merit system prescribed by Congress in 1872 which was, with subse-

quent modifications, enforced in an executive order by President Cleveland in 1896.

President Cleveland in 1894 issued an order containing regulations. After revision they were adopted by the civil service commission "for the reason that they had been found useful, and it was important that they should be given stability, independent of changes of administration," and because the regulations were based upon the principle that "political influence should be disregarded" in appointing navy yard employees. This action was confirmed by President Cleveland in an executive order in 1896, and for 13 years it was supposed classification had been accomplished. In 1909, however, the attorney general held that navy yard employees employed under the regulations had not been classified, but could be classified by the president by modifying or revoking the navy yard regulations. Since that time representatives of the navy department and the civil service commission have had under consideration such modifications as would permit of the classification of navy yard employees.

Hunter Climbs Tall Chimney to Escape from Jail.

So eager for liberty was John Walters, an Ohio man, sent to the Crawford County jail at Meadville, Pa., for hunting without a license, that he entered the courthouse chimney from the ashpit, near his cell, and scaled the inside of the flue to the top, ten feet above the room and seventy feet from the basement floor. He jumped from the chimney top to the roof, entered the clock tower, and descended to the main floor of the courthouse. He was captured on a street car, which he had hoped would carry him safely out of town.

Duke Abruzzi Gets Much-coveted Prize.

The Academy of Sciences, at Paris, France, awarded its principal geographical prize, Le Prix Tchihatcheff, to the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1912, in recognition of his work in this field of knowledge.

The duke, who is very popular in France, is thought in scientific circles thoroughly to merit the honor thus shown him by the Institute of France through the brilliant results of his expeditions to the Ruwenzori range in Central Africa and to the western Himalayas in Asia.

Forecast Sunshine for Ball Players.

Garry Herrmann has received a letter from a man who says his address is weather prophet of a hospital in Michigan. The writer says he knows exactly what the weather will do, where and when, and that for \$8,000 he will frame a National League schedule that will provide games in 1913 only on sunny days. He says this ought to mean at least \$50,000 to each club owner.

Mr. Herrmann has written declining the offer.

Town With 19 People and 9 Dogs Must Forfeit Name.

The State railroad commission has entered an order against the C. H. & D. Railroad that the road change the name of Griffin, Ind., in Rush County, and suggested the name be the same as that adopted by the express companies, which is "Mauzy."

A hearing on petition from citizens of the Rush County hamlet and a little town of the same name in Posey County to have

the name of one of the Griffins changed, was held before the commission. It was brought out that the Posey County Griffin has a population of approximately 300 persons, and has a post office, while it was shown that the Rush County hamlet was inhabited by thirteen men and women, six children, and nine dogs.

During 1911, according to the testimony, forty packages of freight were sent to the wrong address because of the similarity of names. Two of the "packages" were carloads of sheep. A large family, named Mauzy, lives at Griffin, Rush County, and for that reason the express companies changed the name on their books to Mauzy.

Horse Beater is Given Scare.

For the first time in the history of the Cincinnati police court the whipping post loomed up as a means of punishment. When Bernard Flaherty, arrested for whipping his horses, was sentenced to three lashes across the bare back with a horse-whip he swayed and was about to fall, weak from fright. When the judge saw his condition he suspended the sentence and warned him that if ever again he was taken on a similar charge he would be subjected to the lashing.

New York City to Save Poe's Cottage.

The Poe cottage in upper New York, where the poet lived from 1846 to 1849, and where his wife died, is in danger of being seriously damaged by the erection of a tall building beside it, and the city probably will appropriate \$5,000 to buy the cottage and remove it to Poe Park, near by. Many of those who have visited the cottage have believed it was there he wrote "The Raven."

Dog Saves Man Attacked by Hogs.

Attacked by two hundred hungry hogs, Leo Scremp, a farmer, of Harrington, Neb., was saved from death when his Scotch collie dog, seeing his predicament, dashed among the hogs and dispersed them. Scremp was carrying a pail of slop from a barrel to feed troughs when he tripped and fell, the slop spilling over him.

The hogs dashed upon him, tore his clothing, and lacerated his scalp in places in their eagerness to get at the feed. He was able to get up, though bruised and cut.

Inventor of Engine Cab Dies.

Joseph Davenport, aged 97, inventor of the locomotive cab and pilot, and builder of the first wrought-iron bridge in the United States, is dead at Zoar, the Socialist settlement, near Massillon, Ohio, where he had been a recluse for years.

Giants Got 514 Bases on Balls.

Fred Snodgrass was the most patient batsman among the Giants last season and received 70 passes, according to the official strike-out and base-on-ball record issued by Secretary John Heydler, of the National League. Fred Merkle led the team in strike-outs, fanning seventy times. The Giants and the Cubs were the only teams who fooled the pitchers often enough to get more bases on balls than strike-outs. The Giants drew 514 passes during the season and had 497 strike-outs, while the Cubs drew 500 passes and had 492 strike-outs.

Pittsburgh had the least number of

passes, 420, while Cincinnati had the least number of strike-outs, 492. Sheckard, of Chicago, had the unusual high number of 122 bases on balls, while he had next to the highest number of strike-outs, 81. McDonald, of Boston, fanned more than any other player in the league, 91 times. Among the good waiters at bat were Huggins, Titus, Moran, J. Smith, Paskert, Bescher, Bates, and Evers. Pitcher Rube Benton, of Cincinnati, failed to reach first base on a pass in 50 games.

Johnny Evers had only 18 strike-outs in 143 games, while Larry Doyle was a close second with 20 in 143 games. Heinie Zimmerman, the star batsman of the league, struck out 60 times, and got only 38 passes.

The individual records of the New York and Brooklyn players, who played in more than 40 games, are as follows:

NEW YORK			
Player.	G.	B.B.	SO.
Snodgrass	146	70	65
Doyle	143	56	20
Murray	143	27	45
Herzog	140	57	34
Merkle	129	42	70
Fletcher	129	16	29
Meyers	126	47	20
Becker	125	54	35
Devore	106	51	43
Shafer	78	30	19
Wilson	65	13	14
Crandall	50	6	7
Mathewson	43	6	8
McCormick	42	6	9

BROOKLYN.			
Player.	G.	B.B.	SO.
Daubert	145	48	45
Moran	130	69	38
J. Smith	128	54	51
Wheat	123	39	40
Hummel	122	49	55
Northern	118	41	46
O. Miller	98	18	50
Fischer	82	14	32
Tooley	77	19	21
Daly	61	24	17
Erwin	59	18	16
Phelps	52	16	15
Downs	52	10	22
Rucker	45	3	12

Historic Town is Burned.

The last remnants of the historic town of Old Washington, on the Brazos River, Texas, at one time capital of the State, and where the declaration of Texas independence was promulgated, has been destroyed by fire. The blaze started in a small store building and quickly spread.

Exhibit Flag Relic of 1844.

A relic of the presidential campaigns of 1844 is on exhibition at the war department at Washington. It is a flag bearing the picture of a raccoon, some verse, and the names of Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen, the Whig nominees for president and vice president defeated by James K. Polk and George M. Dallas. The flag was carried in political processions by the late John McCurd, of Shippensburg, Pa. It is torn and faded, but the characters are still legible.

To Stop Roosters Crowing in Early Morning.

Mayor George W. Tiedeman, of Savannah, Ga., is of the opinion that the protest of Reverend W. T. Dakin, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, against the early morn-

ing crowing of roosters, is a reasonable one, and that the minister is entitled to relief under the provision of the city ordinance for the suppression of nuisances. But the mayor declines to commit himself as to how the nuisance shall be abated.

Reverend Mr. Dakin filed his protest with the police. He says that the crowing of the cocks arouses him of a morning at an hour before any well-regulated minister has any idea of beginning the strenuous labors of the day. He acknowledges that his neighbors, for the most part, have but one rooster each, but it is their concerted crowing at the crack of day that caused the minister to complain. The fact that the roosters are owned individually has proved a stumblingblock to the police.

The discomfiture of the minister was not lessened when, after having filed his complaint, his neighbors and their offspring made sounds in imitation of a rooster's "cock-a-doodle-do" as he passed.

Cost of Living Rises Faster than Wages.

"Wages do not rise automatically with prices of foodstuffs; incomes have not adjusted themselves to the present enormous cost of living, and the work of years is threatened by conditions now confronting the people of the United States," declared John A. Kingsbury to the State conference of charities and correction, at Syracuse, N. Y. Kingsbury, general agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, made it very plain that he believed the general unrest everywhere was due to the soaring of the price of foodstuffs, and that unless a remedy is soon secured disaster must come.

"The hope of attaining a minimum standard of living for families now in the care of private charitable organizations becomes more and more remote as the tyranny of prices grows more and more intense, and the cost of many necessities of life become prohibitive," declared Kingsbury. "In spite of persistent protests from press and platform, prices of foodstuffs continue to soar. In a single year the cost of the necessities of life has increased 25 per cent. Rents have undergone a similar increase.

"The old theory that wages rise automatically with prices has failed. Averages secured by the New York State department of labor indicate a decrease in average earnings of male members of labor organizations from \$856 to \$840 a year between 1910 and 1912. Incomes are not adjusting themselves to advancing prices, the tariff on life is daily becoming more oppressive to the poor."

Kingsbury said he believed an international commission should be named to investigate and recommend remedies. Existing taxes on buildings should be reduced, he said, and a chain of people's stores established to sell food to the people at cost.

Fined for Showing Picture of Crime.

Philip Merz, proprietor of a moving-picture theater, in New York, was arrested and convicted for violation of the city ordinance against the exhibition of films which portray crime. This is the first conviction under the new ordinance.

Merz was arrested by Detective Smith, of the central-office squad, charged with exhibiting a picture which showed a man shooting a woman. Magistrate Murphy, in the Essex Market court, later found Merz guilty, and fined him \$25.

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We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|--|
| 534—Idayah, the Woman of Mystery. | 613—The Senator's Plot. | 687—The Westervelt Option. | 771—A Message in the Dust. |
| 537—Zanabayah, the Terrible. | 614—The Madness of Morgan. | 688—The Vanishing Heiress. | 772—A Royal Flush. |
| 538—The Seven-headed Monster. | 615—A Million-dollar Hold-up. | 689—The Birth of a Mystery. | 773—The Metal Casket Mystery. |
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| 540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot. | 617—Under the Flag of Chance. | 691—The Red Triangle. | 775—The Vanishing Heiress. |
| | 618—The Case Against Judge Bernard. | 692—Doctor Quartz Again. | 776—The Unfinished Letter. |
| | | 693—The Famous Case of Doctor Quartz. | 777—A Difficult Trail. |
| 543—Black Madge's Vengeance. | 619—Down to the Grave. | 694—The Chemical Clue. | 778—A Six-word Puzzle. |
| 544—A Tragedy of the Footlights. | 620—The Fatal Javelin. | 695—The Prison Cipher. | 779—Dr. Quartz. |
| 545—The Maynard Woman's Double. | 621—The Ghost of Nick Carter. | 696—A Pupil of Doctor Quartz. | 780—Dr. Quartz's Oath. |
| 546—Three Against Fifteen. | 622—A Strange Coincidence. | 697—The Midnight Visitor. | 781—The Fate of Dr. Quartz. |
| 547—A Mystery of Two Passengers. | 623—Pauline—A Mystery. | 698—The Master Crook's Match. | 782—A Woman's Stratagem. |
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